

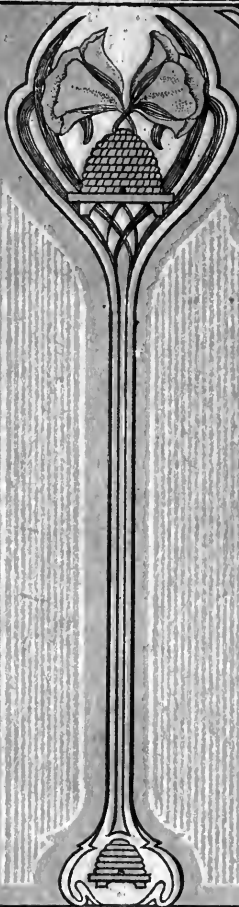
# Improvement Era



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## In the Gila Desert

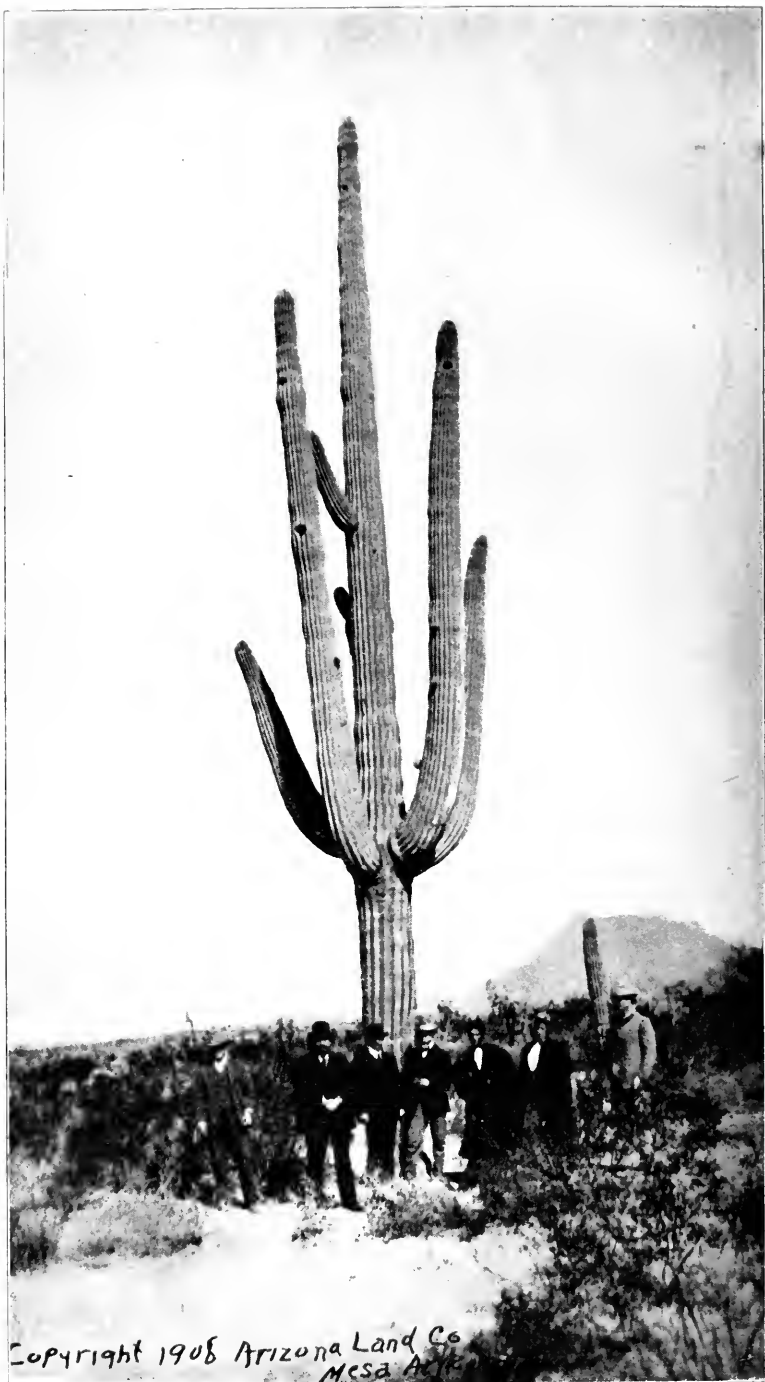
Rain had not fallen upon the desert within the memory of the Indian. No white-haired Pima or Maricopa had seen so strange a sight. And yet one day this phenomenon occurred upon the Gila! And then the glaring sands, on which grew only plants armed as it were with terrible thorns, and over which roamed the lizard, the horned toad, and that hideous reptile, the Gila monster, broke into bloom, with millions of lovely flowers. And these were as strange to the sight of the aborigine as was the "water that fell from the sky." For many ages the seed had lain dormant, but now it germinated, the plants bloomed and filled the desert air with fragrance.

The Gila is covered with a growth of the rigid and solemn *cereus giganteus*—the column or candelabra cactus. Upon the desert are the Superstition mountain and that island of stone, called Montezuma's Head; there are the remains of an ancient canal, and over the sands looks that enigma of the desert, the Casa Grande. Perhaps it once supported a vast life.

Again the flowers will bloom, again the desert wastes will be green with fields and orchards. With the wonders of modern engineering skill—reservoirs, dams, canals—it will be capable of sustaining the lives of untold thousands.

The marvelous colors of the Arizonian skies, the expanse of sands, the mesas of stone, are focused by those of the Gila Desert.

ALFRED LAMBOURNE.



GIANT CACTUS (*cylindropuntia gigantea*)  
In the Gila Desert, Arizona

# IMPROVEMENT ERA

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VOL. XIX

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## Fulfilled Prophecy

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### New Evidence of Divine Inspiration in the Prophet Joseph Smith

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BY B. H. ROBERTS

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“When a prophet speaketh in the name of the Lord, if the thing follow not, nor come to pass, that is the thing which the Lord hath not spoken, but the prophet hath spoken it presumptuously: thou shalt not be afraid of him” (Deut. 18:21, 22).

And conversely, if the thing which the prophet speaks in the name of the Lord comes to pass, then the prophet has spoken the thing commanded him by the Lord—he has not spoken presumptuously, and the people are under obligation to respect his message, since he has furnished them the highest possible evidence of his divine inspiration.

Of the value of the fulfilment of prophecy as evidence of divine inspiration, it is scarcely necessary to speak. It has ever been recognized, and that properly, as a species of miracle; and therefore has been accorded all the value attached to miracles as evidence of Divine Power. The Lord himself has recognized the value of the evidence of prophecy; for when he would have Israel distinguish between himself and the gods of the heathens, he issued this challenge to them:

“Produce your cause, saith the Lord: bring forth your strong reasons, saith the King of Jacob. Let them bring them forth, and show us what shall happen: let them show the former things, what they be, that we may consider them, and know the latter end of them; or declared us things for to come. Show the things that are to come hereafter, that we may know that ye are gods” (Isaiah 41:21-23).

From this it appears that the power to foretell future events is regarded peculiarly as one belonging to God alone, or that spirit which emanates from him; and those who possess that power, and can point to the fulfilment of their prophecies in attestation of

their inspiration and divine authority, may be looked upon as possessing evidence of special and peculiar force in their favor.

In the light of these scriptures and principles, I would like to submit to the readers of the ERA the account of the fulfilment of a prophecy made by Joseph Smith, two days before his martyrdom, and which, so far as I know, has never been pointed out, but which adds an item of great importance to the constantly growing volume of the evidences of divine inspiration of the Prophet of the New Dispensation. How it has escaped attention until now is a matter of astonishment to me, but surely it will not be the less welcome because of its late appearance.

The Prophet Joseph Smith and his brother Hyrum, on the 25th of June, 1844, had been presented to the militia companies from McDonough county, being introduced by Brigadier General Miner R. Deming, of the state militia, as General Joseph Smith and General Hyrum Smith of the Nauvoo Legion—at which the Carthage Greys, acting as escort, revolted, and had to be put under arrest for their insubordination. Shortly after this incident, a number of the officers of other militia companies, and other gentlemen curious to see the Prophet, crowded into the hotel at Carthage—the Hamilton House. President Smith took occasion to ask them if there was anything in his appearance to indicate that he was the desperate character his enemies represented him to be. To which they replied, “No, sir, your appearance would indicate the very contrary, General Smith; but we cannot see what is in your heart, neither can we tell what are your intentions.” To which President Smith promptly replied:

“Very true, gentlemen, you cannot see what is in my heart, and you are therefore unable to judge me or my intentions; but I can see what is in your hearts, and I will tell you what I can see. I can see that you thirst for blood, and nothing but my blood will satisfy you. It is not for crime of any description that I and my brethren are thus continually persecuted, and harassed by our enemies, but there are other motives, and some of them I have expressed, so far as relates to myself; and inasmuch as you and the people thirst for blood, I prophesy in the name of the Lord that you shall witness scenes of blood and sorrow to your entire satisfaction. Your souls shall be perfectly satiated with blood, and many of you who are now present shall have an opportunity to face the cannon’s mouth from sources you think not of, and those people that desire this great evil upon me and my brethren shall be filled with sorrow because of the scenes of desolation and distress that await them” (Church Historian’s Compilation of data, *Millennial Star*, Vol. 24, p. 358).

This prediction was fulfilled to the men of Western Illinois during the Mexican war in which the 1st and 2nd Illinois regiments led by Cols. John J. Hardin and William H. Bissel, and the Kentucky 2nd regiment, led by Col. McKee, were nearly annihilated in the Battle of Buena Vista. The event is described by Gregg, the author of the *History of Hancock County*, as the

"saddest, and for Illinois, the most mournful event of that battle-worn day," the 23rd of February, 1847, the day on which the principal engagement of the battle of Buena Vista was fought.

It will be remembered that in 1846 the president of the United States called upon Illinois to furnish four regiments of volunteers to engage in the war with Mexico, that number being Illinois' quota of the 50,000 troops authorized by congress for the war with that country. "This was no sooner known in the state," says Gregg, "than nine regiments, numbering 8,370 men, answered the call, though only four of them, amounting to 3,720 men, could be taken." These served chiefly under Taylor in northeastern Mexico, and the 1st and 2nd regiments, as stated above, took a prominent and disastrous part in the battle of Buena Vista. For the part taken in that battle by the two regiments named, and the overwhelming disaster which befell them, I give the narrative of Colton's *History of the Battle of Buena Vista*, quoted by Gregg in his *History of Illinois*, included in his *History of Hancock County*, pp. 120-124.

It will be remembered that the Mexican commander in this famous battle, General Santa Anna, confronted General Taylor's little army of less than five thousand men, with a force popularly held to be 20,000, and by Santa Anna's official report acknowledged to be 17,000 (Marcus Wilson's *History of the United States*, subdivision *Texas*, *Appendix*, p. 684). With this superior force, Santa Anna poured into the valley of *Aqua Nueva*, early on the morning of the 22nd of February. There was intermittent fighting throughout the day, and both armies bivouacked on the field, resting on their arms. Early the next morning the battle was resumed and raged through that day most fiercely. And now, Colton's account of the disaster to the 1st and 2nd Illinois, and the 2nd Kentucky regiments:

"As the enemy on our left was moving in retreat along the head of the plateau, our artillery was advanced until within range, and opened a heavy fire upon him, while Cols. Hardin, Bissel and McKee, with their Illinois and Kentucky troops, dashed gallantly forward in hot pursuit. A powerful reserve of the Mexican army was then just emerging from the ravine, where it had been organized, and advanced on the plateau, opposite the head of the southernmost gorge. Those who were giving way rallied quickly upon it; when the whole force, thus increased to over 12,000 men, came forward in a perfect blaze of fire. It was a single column, composed of the best soldiers of the republic, having for its advanced battalions the veteran regiments. The Kentucky and Illinois troops were soon obliged to give ground before it and seek the shelter of the second gorge. The enemy pressed on arriving opposite the head of the second gorge. One-half of the column suddenly enveloped it, while the other half pressed on across the plateau, having for the moment nothing to resist them but the three guns in their front. The portion that was immediately opposed to the Kentucky and Illinois troops, ran down along each side of the gorge, in which they had sought shelter, and also circled around its head, leaving no possible way of escape for them except by its mouth.

which opened upon the road. Its sides, which were steep,—at least an angle of 45 degrees,—were covered with loose pebbles and stones, and converged to a point at the bottom. Down there were our poor fellows, nearly three regiments of them (1st and 2nd Illinois and 2nd Kentucky), with but little opportunity to load or fire a gun, being hardly able to keep their feet. Above the whole edge of the gorge, all the way around, was darkened by the serried masses of the enemy, and was bristling with muskets directed on the crowd beneath. It was no time to pause. Those who were not immediately shot down rushed on toward the road, their number growing less and less as they went. Kentuckians and Illinoisans, officers and men, all mixed up in confusion, and all pressing on over the loose pebbles and rolling stones of those shelving, precipitous banks, and having lines and lines of the enemy firing down from each side and rear as they went. Just then the enemy's cavalry, which had gone to the left of the reserve, had come over the spur that divides the mouth of the second gorge from that of the third, and were now closing up the only door through which there was the least shadow of a chance for their lives. Many of those ahead endeavored to force their way out, but few succeeded. The lancers were fully six to one, and their long weapons were already reeking with blood. It was at this time that those who were still back in that dreadful gorge heard, above the din of the musketry and the shouts of the enemy around them, the roar of Washington's battery. No music could have been more grateful to their ears. A moment only, and the whole opening, where the lancers were busy, rang with the repeated explosions of spherical-case shot. They gave way. The gate, as it were, was clear, and out upon the road a stream of our poor fellows issued. They ran panting down toward the battery, and directly under the flight of iron then passing over their heads, into the retreating cavalry. Hardin, McKee, Clay, Willis, Sabriskie, Houghton—but why go on? It would be a sad task, indeed, to name over all who fell during this twenty minutes' slaughter. The whole gorge, from the plateau to its mouth, was strewn with our dead. All dead! No wounded there—not a man; for the infantry had rushed down the sides and completed the work with the bayonet."

Surely those Illinois regiments, recruited chiefly from Western Illinois, and among them doubtless a number of those who listened to Joseph Smith's prediction, were surfeited with scenes of blood that day, and faced the cannon's mouth from sources of which they had not thought.

The late President Wilford Woodruff, in his journal, makes reference to the report that reached the camps of Israel, on the Missouri river, respecting the disaster that had overtaken the Illinois regiments, so largely recruited from the western counties of the state. The entry in the journal bears date of October 3, 1847. After referring to the return from the east of Elder William I. Appleby to the camps, and the council of the Twelve Apostles holding a meeting with him, Elder Woodruff says:

"We also learned that many who had been enemies to the Church were dead. Jackson (Joseph H.), who had a hand in the death of the Prophet, died in Mexico with the 'black vomit'. Mr. Eagle [editor of a paper in Nauvoo, at the time the last remnant of the Saints were driven from that city] is also dead. We were informed that General



Hardin, Major Warren and Captain Morgan, with half of the Quincy Greys, were killed in the Mexican war."

In addition to this very ample fulfilment of the Prophet's prediction to the men of western Illinois, there was the further fulfilment of the prophecy by the terrible casualties to the men of that state in the war between the states. Doubtless because the president of the republic "during the war was from Illinois—Abraham Lincoln—and because the greatest general developed in the war on the side of the north—U. S. Grant—was also from that state, Illinois furnished a larger number of soldiers for the federal armies, in proportion to her population, than any other state of the Union, save Kansas; and she stands fourth in rank in the number of men furnished to the federal armies by any of the states, being exceeded only by the states of New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio" (*The Making of Illinois*, Mather, p. 200). The following "summary" of the volunteer troops organized in Illinois for the war, and the casualties which befell them, is taken from the Adjutant General's Report, quoted by Gregg in his *History of Illinois*, in *History of Hancock County*, pp. 129-130:

"The number of the regiment, name of original Colonel, call under which recruited, date of organization and muster into the United States' service, place of muster, and aggregate strength of each organization—from which we find that Illinois put into her one hundred and eighty regiments 256,000 men, and into the United States army, through other states, enough to swell the number to 290,000. This far exceeds all the soldiers of the Federal Government in all the war of the Revolution. Her total years of service were over 600,000. She enrolled men from eighteen to forty-five years of age when the law of Congress in 1864—the test time—only asked for those from twenty to forty-five. Her enrollments were otherwise excessive. Her people wanted to go, and did not take the pains to correct the enrollment; thus the basis of fixing the quota was too great, and the quota itself, at least in the trying time, was far above any other state. The demand on some counties (as Monroe, for example), took every able bodied man in the county, and then did not have enough to fill the quota. Moreover, Illinois sent 20,844 men for one hundred days, for whom no credit was asked. She gave to the country 73,000 years of service above all calls. With the one-thirteenth of the population of the loyal States, she sent regularly one-tenth of all the soldiers, and in the perils of the closing calls, when patriots were few and weary, she sent one-eighth of all that were called for by her loved and honored son in the White House. Of the brave boys Illinois sent to the front, there were killed in action, 5,888; died of wounds, 3,032; of disease, 19,496; in prison, 967; lost at sea, 205; aggregate 29,588. As upon every field and upon every page of the history of this war, Illinois bore her part of the suffering in the prison-pens of the South. More than 800 names make up the awful column of Illinois' brave sons who died in the rebel prison of Andersonville, Ga. Who can measure or imagine the atrocities which would be laid before the world were the panorama of sufferings and terrible trials of these gallant men but half unfolded to view? But this can never be done until new words of horror are invented, and new arts discovered by which demoniacal fiendishness can

be portrayed, and the intensest anguish of the human soul in ten thousand forms be painted."

In these appalling figures one sees further fulfilment of the prophetic words of Joseph Smith, to the men of Illinois, that 25th day of June, 1844. They certainly witnessed scenes of blood and sorrow to their entire satisfaction; their souls, in the experiences at the battle of Buena Vista, and in the many battles of the war between the States, in which the men of Illinois figured so largely in suffering and sacrifices, became "perfectly satiated with blood." They had ample opportunity to "face the cannon's mouth" from "sources they thought not of;" and were filled with sorrow because of the scenes of desolation and distress that overtook them.

\* \* \* \* \*

Another item of interest in relation to the prophecies of Joseph Smith, on the subject of the wars in the last days, was recently called to my attention, by one of the brethren, in the following statement and question: In the *History of the Church—Journal History*, by Joseph Smith—where the revelation on War is given (Vol. I p. 302) there is a slight verbal alteration to be noted in paragraph three of the revelation. In the Doctrine and Covenants, current edition, in the revelation, it is represented that Great Britain shall call upon other nations, "in order to defend themselves against other nations, and 'thus' war shall be poured out upon all nations." But in the *History*, cited above, it is written that Great Britain shall call upon other nations "in order to defend themselves against other nations, and 'then' war shall be poured out upon all nations." The question is, was the change made advisedly or was it a typographical error in the published *History*? The change was made advisedly; when the committee was comparing a number of the many editions of the published copies of the revelation, they found that in the manuscript *History of the Church*, from which the copy for publication must first have been made, the word "then" was used, and the change was made by the historians of the Church accordingly, and was published in 1902. The same correction should be made in all future editions of the Doctrine and Covenants.

## Artisans of the South-West

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BY WILLIAM EVANS, SUPERINTENDENT, Y. M. M. I. A., YOUNG STAKE

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"And we multiplied exceedingly, and spread upon the face of the land, and became exceeding rich in gold, and in silver, and in precious things."—Book of Mormon, Jarom 1:8.

When Cortez and his band of adventurers waded through blood, in the conquest of Mexico, the one controlling thought which animated them to deeds of violence and cruelty was the desire of securing the precious metals with which the rulers of



GOVERNOR ULYSSUS PESANO, AND FAMILY, OF LAGUNA, NEW MEXICO

Governor Pesano is an educated, highly intelligent full-blooded Laguna Indian, and a silversmith of no mean ability. The products of his native workshop are in great demand. To meet Mr. Pesano and family is to feel that you have met people of no ordinary intelligence and ability.

the empire seemed to be fairly well supplied, and with which the temples and palaces were more or less profusely decorated.

History records that this band of free-booters, as well as those who immediately succeeded them, were enabled to secure large quantities of the precious metals in various forms through means, which, even to this day, causes the blood of the reader to boil with righteous indignation, because of the monstrous deeds

committed, and brings a deep sense of regret for the magnificent works so ruthlessly destroyed.

The historians of that day give us faint glimpses of the beauty of design and form of the various articles constructed of the precious metals by the artisans of the days of the Aztec empire. Various articles thus made are now found in the museums of the two Americas, and are prized as the relics of a race past and gone, and, of course, as such create much interest and wonderment.

The evidence thus presented justifies the conclusion that the Aztecs adopted and perpetuated, in their day, the art of working in precious metals, which art existed among the people whom the Aztecs supplanted—the Nephites. We may conclude, too, that the Gadianton robbers learned to prize the valuable articles of gold and silver, and other precious metals, which they plundered from their more civilized neighbors; and that in their leisure mo-



SILVERWARE DISPLAY

The silverware here shown was made by a Navajo silversmith, "Nawtawny-Eltsoce-Batcilli" (The Little Slim Chief's Younger Brother), and represents a whole year's work. The stuff was purchased by F. L. Noel, an Indian trader, and was arranged by the writer for exhibition at the Shiprock Indian fair where it was given first prize in competition with the work of other smiths. It was later purchased by the C. H. Algert Co., of Fruitland, New Mexico, and exhibited with other Indian products at the New Mexico State fair at Albuquerque where it was again awarded first prize. The value of the collection was five hundred dollars. Nawtawny-Eltsoce-Batcilli has never attended school.

ments learned to fashion ornaments, according to their own ideas of workmanship and beauty.

Through inspired men, we have been taught that the nomadic tribes of the southwest are the descendants of the marauding Gadiantons; and, indeed, in our day, they have been known to exhibit some of the hereditary tendencies of their forefathers. Not only in the lawless incursions of the past are the tribal tendencies displayed, but today, in the more peaceful arts, these hereditary warriors are displaying a great amount of genius and talent.

For instance, the Navajo silversmith has established a reputation in the production of silver ornaments and articles of domestic use. This reputation is enhanced when the beauties of the articles produced are studied, and the very crude means of production become fully known to the student.

Something of the semi-savage love of nature enters into the work, and though the product of the white brother may excel in the smoothness of finish, or intricacy of design, the native article bears the stamp of originality; and a person at all familiar with the native and his ways can almost trace the imprint of the native song of nature which the artizan—shall we say artist?—often sings, and sometimes almost whispers, while fashioning the product of his little workshop.

Let us take a peep into the summer work of this genius of the desert. We enter the portal of a miniature bowery constructed of a few slender poles as a framework. Against the sides and over the top of this are laid cottonwood boughs with the leaves still adhering to them. These are laid on sufficiently thick to form a windshield and to keep out the scorching rays of the sun. The leaves dry quickly and rustle with the motion of every gentle zephyr, and permit just enough ventilation between the interstices to mitigate, considerably, the hated desert air.

In one corner is a rude but quaint forge, rising no more than six or eight inches above the smooth dirt floor of the interior. This is constructed of small, thin pieces of rock, gathered from an adjacent rocky bluff, and which are laid together with an intermixture of sand and clay mortar. Connected with this forge is an equally interesting home-made bellows, the top and bottom constructed of pieces of goods-boxes, procured at a neighboring trading post, and the sides are of tanned goat-skin, the latter, by the way, being a very good substitute for buckskin. The nozzle is made from a section of tomato can, and is not inserted in the forge, but the bellows is used to fan the charcoal fire to the proper heat, much as our grandparents puffed the glowing embers in the old home fireplace. The principal use of this forge is to melt the silver—usually coins—which is placed in a little melting pot made of a certain clay and baked sufficiently hard to fulfil this purpose.

When the metal has become molten, it is poured into a groove which has been furrowed out in a rock, and thus becomes a small bar from which it is hammered into the desired shape.

Near the forge, the silversmith is seated, squatting, tailor-fashion, upon a sheepskin. Near at hand, upon another sheepskin which is laid with the skin up, are reposing the few tools used in the work. A hammer, a file or two, and a few steel dies or stamps with which the engraving is done, and which are the handiwork of the smith himself, for each silversmith prides himself upon the originality of his design—constitute the paraphernalia of this interesting workshop. The anvil, upon which the hammer work is done, may be a piece of railroad iron, or it may be a small anvil which a trader had procured for him, and which is suitable for his particular work.

When the small ingot has been hammered into the desired shape it is filed and sandpapered to give it the requisite finish, and then the dies or stamps are used to complete the decorative work. Thus the worker sits, hour after hour, melting and hammering, filing and sandpapering, engraving and polishing.

The entrance to this leafy bower, a large and ample opening, is always to the east—as are the entrances to all “hogans,”—and as, through force of habit and the demand of circumstances which require the gathering of wood for the morning fire, the Navajo is an early riser, the smith is at his forge when the reddening sky heralds the coming of the fiery king of the heavens. And as the slanting rays of the rising sun pierce the primitive workshop, the toiler hums or sings his morning invocation to the great light- and life-giver. As the sun mounts into the heavens and the shimmering heat waves rise from the desert sands, now and then, he lifts his eyes, and his gaze goes out through the opening to the eastern horizon, which is notched and terraced by the outlines of the distant hills, and ever the song of nature rises in his heart, and its impress is embodied in the work of his hands.

The winter workshop is arranged much the same as the summer one, but is constructed of substantial posts and covered with bark and earth.

The art of the Navajo silversmith undoubtedly had its origin in the realms of antiquity, but, perhaps, not practiced so extensively as now, for the supply of the “white iron” was never so plentiful with them as at present. Previous to the Conquest the only source of the precious metals was through plundering the Aztecs and the cultured peoples who preceded them; for the roving robber bands knew nothing of mining, the latter, too, of course, being too laborious a method for securing that which could be obtained through marauding and robbing. Subsequent to the conquest, a limited quantity may have been procured

through a gradually increasing intercourse with the Spanish conquerors and their descendants.

An interesting feature of the art is the similarity between many of the engravings produced and the sculptured figures of the Aztecs. This similarity can be partially explained by the coincidental workings of native minds; but one must not lose sight of the facts of heredity; and the outcroppings of racial characteristics give an unfailing clue in tracing the fountain source. And in the case of the Aztecs, (Lamanites) and the Gadiantons, (the nomadic tribes such as the Navajos and others) all descendants of the Lehitic family, the following of clues, such as racial characteristics, is an interesting occupation.

FRUITLAND, N. M.

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### Procrastination

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(Free translation from Norwegian by Enoch Jorgensen.)

It is not the work that we finished,  
 But the duty we left undone  
 That strikes a snag in our conscience  
 At the setting of the sun.  
 The kind word often forgotten,  
 The letter we didn't write,  
 The flowers—neglected love tokens,  
 Reminders of friendship's blight.

The stone which we could have removed  
 From a neighbor's path we let lie;  
 The counsel he so wished for in vain,  
 While we brushed thoughtlessly by.  
 The hand-shake, the hearty greeting  
 That we didn't take time to lend,  
 Are unpardonable sins of omission  
 That'll mock us, time without end.

The comfort we might have given  
 To a brother in dismay,  
 Thus becoming his guardian angel  
 As angels guide our way:  
 This opportune moment, neglected,  
 Robs us of peace in the night,  
 Weakens our hope, faith, assurance,  
 That God will direct us aright.

Remember, Life is too short, friend,  
 Too serious—be it fortune or fate—  
 To be wasted, or friendships neglected,  
 Until it's too late, too late.  
 It is not the work that we finish,  
 But the duties we leave undone  
 That will cause regret and heartache  
 At the setting of life's sun.

## What is "Mormonism?"

BY ELDER ORSON F. WHITNEY, OF THE COUNCIL OF THE  
TWELVE

"Mormonism" is not, as most people suppose, a new religion. It is not a product of the nineteenth century. It proclaims itself the everlasting gospel, the religion of Jesus Christ, restored to the earth after ages of absence; and this message, that God has raised up a Prophet and restored the ancient faith, has brought from various nations the men and women who have given their allegiance to what is called "Mormonism." It is no new thing; it is as old as eternity. All that I or any other elder can do is to present the same old doctrines that go to make up the gospel of our Redeemer.

What was the origin of "Mormonism?" If it did not originate in the nineteenth century, when did it originate? The earthly founder of our faith, Joseph the Prophet, taught that it was framed in the heavens, before this world was created. He says: "God, finding himself in the midst of spirits and glory, because he was more intelligent, saw proper to institute laws whereby the rest might have the privilege to advance like himself."

Here we have the key to the great problem, the first reference to those principles that we denominate faith, repentance, baptism, and the gift of the Holy Ghost, with other laws and ordinances of the gospel. It is a plan whereby God's children may progress, eternally, and it has been on the earth at different times and in various



places, pleading with man, by the Holy Ghost, for his salvation. It has gone by various names, according to the whim or caprice of man. At the time of its restoration through Joseph Smith, it was nicknamed "Mormonism," because of the Book of Mormon, in which many of its doctrines are found.

It teaches us that we lived before we came upon the earth; that we were spirits in the presence of our Father in heaven, yes, and of our Mother in heaven, for we also "have a Mother there." In that spirit life, our first estate, where we walked by sight, seeing as we were seen, we learned all that we could, or all that was necessary, before we were permitted to come upon this earth, which was created for us and for all the children of God, that they who kept their first estate might have the opportunity to pass through an experience that would develop and educate them, even though part of the discipline be through pain and sorrow, disappointment and tribulation. We were promised that if we would bear these things patiently, and steadfastly adhere to the saving principles of the gospel, we should become like our Father and Mother, in heaven, and inherit eternal life and never-ending glory. This is the purpose of our mortal probation. We came here, primarily, to get these bodies in which our spirits are clothed, for a spirit without a body is imperfect and cannot be glorified, while a body without a spirit is dead—nothing but a lump of clay, though marvelously wrought, a wonder of design. The spirit and the body constitute the soul, and it is the soul **that** is redeemed from the grave and goes on to perfection.

# The Cultivation of Moral Thoughtfulness

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BY MILTON BENNION

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Moral training has to do chiefly with the cultivation of appropriate feelings and modes of action. Such training, given to normal individuals, by persons with high ideals of life, constitutes the necessary basis of character. The home, the church, and the school cooperate in this endeavor; but does any one of these institutions carry its educational work to the point of cultivating in the youth the habit of moral thoughtfulness? It often happens that persons with the best of intentions will yet thoughtlessly do things that cause themselves and others much loss, suffering, or even death. Such conduct only criminals would be guilty of, if all people were trained to see the remote as well as the immediate consequences of their actions, and to picture vividly in imagination these consequences.

There is a popular notion that the cultivation of the imagination is important only for artists, poets, and novelists. It has been shown, however, that the use of the imagination is a most important factor in the advancement of science. It is no less important in the moral life. It has been said that we would never willingly allow another to starve who sat at the same table with us. So, too, we may abhor the unpleasant consequences of our conduct, when those consequences are actually with us; should not these consequences be with us in imagination before we act?

This habit of mind can be developed only by systematic attention to the far-reaching consequences of various types of conduct. By way of illustration consider the following:

1. In a city or town having a water system, but a limited supply of water, what effect does a careless or unnecessary use of water by the residents in the lower part of the town have upon the people who live in the upper part? Do the people in the lower part who let water run to waste ever think of the inconvenience, if not suffering, they are causing their fellow townsmen who are unable to get a drop from their water pipes?

2. Does a family that avoids medical inspection and quarantine, in a mild case of scarlet fever, realize how, by their action, they scatter the germs of this treacherous disease to enter the bodies of healthy children, and thus cause other families the inconvenience which they themselves seek to escape? This, however, is but the minor part of the result. This disease, in mild form, may at any time become very malignant, leaving defective sense organs, chronic kidney trouble, and death in its trail. Yet

the persons who are responsible for scattering these disease germs may be very pious, well-meaning individuals, far from murder in intention.

Another type of case comes more nearly within the field of public warning and exhortation, but these cases also illustrate the same want of moral thoughtfulness:

1. Does the youth in his first visit to the saloon, or indulgence in liquor at the club house with fraternal companions, have any vision of the end of the road upon which he is entering? No man ever began drinking with the intention of becoming a drunkard; and few see from the first that the saloon leads many to the brothel with its moral and physical corruption—foul with disease that either destroys the powers of reproduction or, unfortunately, is transmitted to plague succeeding generations.

2. Does a young woman have any image of her future destiny when she goes out with the dissolute young man? Usually she realizes it in bitter experience, instead of being forewarned through vivid imagination of the consequences of her acceptance of such a companion.

William James, in discussing the evil of cultivating sympathetic emotions that never find an outlet in action, remarked: "Hell is paved with good intentions." We may add that thoughtless actions, though not thus intended, have much to do with paving the way to hell.

UNIVERSITY OF UTAH

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## Tasks

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The daily tasks to be performed,  
 If great or if but small,  
 With willing hands and gladsome hearts,  
 We should accept them all.

The common toil, if such there be,  
 With grimy stain of earth,  
 The grind that grows so wearisome,  
 It oftentimes proves our worth.

To labor on unrecompensed,  
 Recorded not by fame,  
 While others thread the golden maize,  
 Or win an honored name,

'Tis hard, ah, yes, but know you not,  
 All work well done is great?  
 For God deems naught as meager,  
 That reaches perfect state.

GRACE INGLES FROST.



## Outlines for Scout Workers

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BY D. W. PARRATT, B. S.

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### VI.—THE MOUNTAIN BLUEBIRD.

Soft warbling note  
From azure throat,  
Floats on the gentle air of spring;  
To my quick ear  
It doth appear  
The sweetest of the birds that sing.

C. C. M.

1. Why is the mountain bluebird so named? What other kinds of bluebirds are there? What is the difference between these and the mountain bluebird?
2. To what family does the bluebird belong? How can you tell? What other bird already studied belongs to this family?
3. The bluebird prefers to live in what kind of places, highland or lowland? In which parts of our valley is it usually found? Where does it spend the winter?
4. Contrast the male and female in size and color. Why these differences?
5. Contrast the song of the male with that of the female and explain the difference.

6. Describe the flight of the bluebird.
7. Upon what does this bird subsist?
8. Where and of what is the nest usually built?
9. Note number, size, and color of eggs. How many broods are ordinarily hatched in a season?
10. Name some enemies of the bluebird and explain how it protects itself against them.
11. Is this a desirable bird? Give at least two reasons for your answer. What laws have we relating to this bird?
12. Explain how to make and hang a nesting box for the bluebird.

## HANDY MATERIAL

### THE BLUEBIRD

He flits through the orchard, he visits each tree,  
The red flowering peach and the apple's sweet blossoms,  
The fruit-bearing products, wherever they be,  
And seizes the caitiffs that lurk in their bosoms;  
He drags the vile grub from the corn it devours,  
The worms from their beds where they riot and welter;  
His song and his services freely are ours  
And all that he asks is, in summer, a shelter.

—Wilson.

The bluebird is so named from its predominant color. The Pacific coast species as well as the eastern bluebird have considerable brown underneath, while that found quite generally throughout the western mountains is almost wholly blue.

The characteristic spots on the breasts of the young readily classify this beautiful warbler with robins and solitaires—that is, in the thrush family.

Our mountain bluebird is quite generally distributed over the plateau region and lives usually in the valleys and canyons where proper food may be had. Many spend their winter months in our warmer valleys and even the coldest valleys are visited by them very early in the year. The latter part of February as a rule sees flocks of the male birds in our midst, particularly along our foot hills searching out suitable nesting places to offer as inducements for mating to the female birds which arrive some time later.

At this time the male is dressed in his most attractive colors. His beautiful cerulean back is darker, the **pale** blue below clearer, and the whitish belly cleaner than usual. **He** needs these extra bright colors, for the mating season is on. Besides his fine clothes, he makes use of his sweetest song, a charming refrain, "Purity! Purity! I—oh—purity. Dear! Dear! Think of it, think of it!"

Since the female is the one who does the selecting of a mate, she is not obliged to wear such showy colors or sing such attractive songs. She is of a pale, bluish gray color with upper tail coverts, wings and tail bluish; below she is a pale gray and whit-

ish. The duller colors of her gown, harmonizing with surrounding hues and tints, afford greater protection, especially during the time of nesting. She has no song, but in answer to the male's low whistle call, gives the two-syllabled reply so familiar to all acquainted with the bluebird.

The easy, graceful, but uncertain flight is a noticeable characteristic of this bird. It often remains stationary in the air while watching for prey and then, darting down suddenly, seizes the prey, and makes for the nest.

The bluebird's food consists principally of weevils, berries, and small fruits, also beetles, crickets, grasshoppers, spiders, and caterpillars.

These friendly birds seem especially fond of building their nest in some protected place near a house. Both male and female busy themselves in nest making. The nest is composed merely of a few wisps of straw with a limited number of feathers for a lining. The choicest place for the nest is in some decayed tree or in deserted woodpecker holes. Often the nest is made in mail boxes by the roadside. Both birds keep the nest sanitary by carrying the waste and dropping it some distance away.

Five or six pale blue eggs constitute a setting, and ordinarily two broods are hatched each year, though three are not uncommon.

Cats, snakes, and ignorant boys and men are the bluebird's worst enemies. The first are warded off by flight and by the birds roosting on limbs out of the cat's reach. Besides, the bluebird protects itself while nesting by usually making the nest in a place having an entrance too small to admit cats and like enemies. And also, the nest site is usually in some barren tree or post not very attractive to troublesome snakes. When the nest is molested by intruding enemies both male and female defend it with surprising courage.

Our state laws against killing insectivorous birds are made to include the bluebird and our city ordinances relative to firearms and flippers are doing much to protect this charming creature.

Properly made nesting boxes put out along our foot hills and bench lands are almost certain to attract bluebirds. Such a box should have a floor space of about five by five inches; the walls should be about eight inches high, and in one side about six inches from the bottom, a one and one-half inch opening (square or round) should be made to serve as an entrance. The box should then be suspended in a place open to the sunlight and from five to ten feet above the ground. If hung in the shade a contest is likely to incur between wrens and bluebirds for possession of the box; and if fastened securely instead of hanging, the box will in all likelihood be the object of dispute between the bluebirds and English sparrows. A weather beaten box will prove more invit-

ing to the bluebirds than will a brand new one, therefore the boxes should be hung out some time before they are to be occupied. However, on this point, the bluebird is not nearly so particular as are some others of our feathered friends.

THE BLUEBIRD'S SONG

"I know the song that the bluebird is singing,  
Out in the apple-tree where he is swinging;  
Brave little fellow! the skies may be dreary;  
Nothing cares he while his heart is so cheery.

"Hark! how the music leaps out of his throat;  
Hark! was there ever so merry a note?  
Listen awhile, and you'll hear what he's saying,  
Up in the apple-tree swinging and swaying.

"Dear little blossoms down under the snow,  
You must be weary of winter I know;  
Hark while I sing you a message of cheer—  
Summer is coming! and spring-time is here.

"Little white snowdrop! I pray you arise;  
Bright yellow crocus; come open your eyes;  
Sweet little violets, hid from the cold,  
Put on your mantles of purple and gold;  
Daffodils! daffodils! say do you hear?—  
Summer is coming! and spring-time is here."

THE FIRST BLUEBIRD

Just rain and snow! and rain again!  
And dribble! drip! and blow!  
Then snow! and thaw! and slush! and then  
Some more rain and snow!

This morning I was 'most afeared  
To wake up—when, I jing!  
I seen the sun shine out and heerd  
The first bluebird of spring!

Mother she'd raised the winder some;  
And in acrost the orchard come,  
Soft as an angel's wing,  
A breezy, treesy, beesy hum,  
Too sweet fer anything!

The winter's shroud was rent apart—  
The sun burst forth in glee—  
And when that bluebird sung, my heart  
Hopped out o' bed with me.

—Riley.



## Adele

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BY ALFRED LAMBOURNE

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### I.

In the veins of Adele there was aristocratic blood. She was the daughter of a "Shep." It is true that the man who was so called, the silent and stern-browed, white-haired recluse, was different from those other men around him. He was owner of the uncounted flock which grazed upon the waste, and he had once been the possessor of a wide estate, and bore a name which is honored yet in distant France. A strange life and a strange abode—that sombre and unfrequented land—for such a man as he, and for such a girl as Adele. And often, too, she was a watcher of sheep. Their rock-built dwelling stood on the slope of a round, a desolate hill, and perhaps in that land there are scenes as cheerless, but surely not one as savage. At the foot of the hill a stream passed on. In times of drought it all but failed, a thread of water joining pool to pool, separate wells in the twisted rock. But in times of flood, it foamed and roared, and on its strong edge a half score trees stood starved and gaunt. Had that dwelling been a gray chateau, crowning a wooded bank of the romantic Loire, it would have been a more fitting home; indeed, that which would have been the possession of the father and the inheritance of the desert girl. As it was, she was heir to those desert acres, and that flock of unnumbered sheep. And upon the horizon were clustered mountains, great peaks, and massive ridges, and their names were in keeping with the savageness of the wild and northern land. But, far away, highest and



most jagged of all, were seen three crests and their names, like that of the "Shep," repeated a word of France.

The father was a political exile; impoverished through his adherence to a lost cause, he had left his still beloved and native land and, in his mood of bitterness, had sought the alien waste. There, at least, he was isolated from the persecution of political enemies and did not need to look on the faces of betraying friends. And there, too, he heard at times the Gallic tongue. The French trappers had first been through that land, and it was they who had named many a valley, peak and stream. The mother of Adele was dead, and it was more the loss of his wife, following the loss of his estates and his exile, that had whitened the head of the father, than it was his years. And yet the time of his passing was near at hand.

The ancestors of Adele would have seen in her beauty an ideal. Yet, save for the father, there were none to claim. She had lost none of her sweet dignity through contact with the roughness of the desert land. Perhaps there was a wild grace added to her bearing, too, gathered from the wildness of the nature around her, yet Adele, like her father, was an aristocrat still. A watcher of sheep, and yet of untold fairness. Her form was slight; her eyes, her hair, were black, her features expressive as the changeful moods of her soul.

This was Adele of the desert, the daughter of an exile.

## II.

Of the things of strangeness to be seen in that desolate land, none were more strange than that one. Those two graves in that once terrible, now sombre place, with the white cross making its appeal above them, was surely a singular sight. Leaving the ruined hut and ascending the slope of the conical hill or butte where the sheep yet browsed, we looked. But that statement should be at the end, not at the beginning, of that which we tell.

We have said that the dwelling of Adele and her father stood on the slope of a round and desolate hill. Yet it was an innocent appearing hill, as innocence is in that savage land, but it possessed a terrible heart—a heart which had long been dead. Was it not a strange thought of the "Shep" to leave his dead wife in that awesome place? Yet there was a beauty in the thought. Climb up the slope, approach the summit, and, suddenly there was at one's feet, a deep and sombre void. One lost his breath on the edge of a sweeping circle, a great, black round of emptiness—a crater. How ancient a corse, and yet what evidence was there of a once glowing life! The mind would grow weary should one attempt to compute its days of existence, or how long it had been extinct. Once that crater flamed and roared; once the lava, a fiery red blood, flowed down its outer slopes. But now, how

ghastly still! Those tiers of lava were years existent to each hour of man's most ancient building. Call aloud on the rim of that crater, and there would come back to one, from out the void, an echo, so faint, so weird, so unearthly strange, that it seemed it was the far cries of the dead; that it was answering voices of creatures who had been for an infinite time departed, and were startled from their apathy in the nether world. And once a day the blazing sun looked down to the crater floor, and once a month, the full moon, our satellite, dead like the crater's heart, flooded with its dim, cold light the sunken space and all seemed dead indeed. But as one stood amazed on that crater rim, the sight was too terribly real, for one to think of ought but the naked truth. Yet there was a focus there. Down upon the small, round, level floor of the crater, the last sinking of the molten lava, was a mound, a grave, and above it a small white cross. And the cross suggested another life. In the midst of that silence, amid those evidences of ancient death, one thought of immortality.

Was it not a strange thought of the "Shep," we have asked, to leave his dead wife in that awesome place? And yet, we added, there was a beauty in the thought. Desolate was all around that desolate hill, and yet down in its dead heart was a spot of brighter hue. The woman who had died, pining for France, had she not looked in gratitude upon that hidden beauty. Horrible now those rent and blackened walls; terrible, on that floor, to think of what it was once composed, and yet it was verdant now. Moss and grasses were there, the grave was edged around with the glossy leafage of the chapparrel, and even there sprang up upon it a small and starry flower. None other such growth could be seen for weary miles around. The dews of heaven had found a response there.

A strange, an awful, a solemn, yet fitting place for the dead. And yet a stranger place for love.

Had the desert girl a lover? Down in the crater at her mother's grave, Adele had made her vows.

Love is sometimes blind; selfishness fails to see. Imagine the monotonous life of the "Shep," and this life as shared by Adele. In the dwelling upon the hill slope Adele was born, and there she had lived with her father after her mother's death. How well she remembered the dread event; the fever which had carried away her mother and the taking of her body to its rest in the crater depth. And she remembered, too, the Catholic priest, the traveling missionary, who had not disdained to come from afar to officiate in his holy office. A monotonous life, and one for Adele scarcely to be endured. She sighed for that which lay beyond their home. The father sometimes spoke of France and then her longing became intense. Morose the father was sometimes called, yet there was the olden courtesy for any chance

visitor who came that way, but seldom, indeed, were such at their door. To Adele a stranger was a strange being indeed. Sometimes a light might be seen in some hut upon the hill slopes across the plain, but to those huts she had never been. The years came and the years departed, and the girl seldom beheld a face save that of her father, and the attendants upon the place. And now she was a woman. Spring made the stream to roar again; the summer piled the white clouds above the heights, and the autumn came with rain and mists, and Adele lived on that desolate hill whose dead heart was a crater, and in which her mother yet lay, and wondered of the outer world. For Adele was a being of dreams.

Was it a wonder, then, that one event stood out brightly in her desert life? The Holy Father has come again. The missionary priest had returned to the Pastoral ranch. And Adele was there. The Father had sent word that she come, that he might inquire about her spiritual welfare. Once before Adele had been there, but it was that she might receive a name, and she was carried in her mother's arms. So now, for the first time since womanhood, she had departed from her desert home.

Music and the dance—a wedding! What a seeing was that for Adele! To her, the sight was enchantment, wonderful beyond her dreams. The little altar, the crucifix, and the burning candles; the wedding ceremony, and the music and the dance which followed!

And it was at the wedding that Adele had found a lover. Did we not say that the desert girl was beautiful? None at the dance with so wonderful a form and face. Not among the dancers was there another with such hands, such feet. Yet those feet had never moved in the dance. And one there was who was smitten to the heart with her beauty, and that one became her lover.

And so it happened that, down in the crater, Adele had made her vows, and she learned the meaning of that strange word—love.

### III.

There is no escape from the decrees of Fate. Her father had taught this lesson and he had lived to know its truth. Who more fitting as a lover of Adele than Jaques, the handsome stranger whom they had met at the wedding at the sheep-shearer's ranch? A stranger, and yet he had been given his introduction by the Holy Father himself. Yes, young and wealthy, and as handsome as Adele was fair. His face was bronzed with the mountain sun, and he had traveled as a companion with the Holy Father. After the wedding the dwelling on the crater slope received a visitant. But strange, the young stranger bore a name which was hateful of the recluse "Shep." The father of Jaques, and his father before him, had been foes of the ancestors of Adele. They were the

cause of her father's exile from France. And now the children had met, they had loved; love at first sight, for their feet were set on the paths of Fate.

And so, after the blind ways of men, the "Shep" had looked with disfavor upon the man; and hence, after the divine light of lovers, Adele and Jaques but loved the more. And Jaques, the lover, bore patiently the cold welcome of the father that he might win the hand of the daughter. Like a fool, the "Shep" had apparently never thought of the crisis, such that now had come. He had never realized, it appeared, the time when Adele, the isolated and beautiful girl of the desert, might be led away by a lover to become a wife.

Yet the time had come; the father must give up the one who was his all, the one being upon the earth who made life for him yet worth the living. What though the lover were the grandson of one who had been the enemy of his father, though his father were the enemy of the father of Adele? He must yield at last, love was sure to conquer. Thus, the "Shep" with his dark brows and his opposition, but advanced, rather than retarded, the course of love. And so Jaques came riding across the waste, and, from the dwelling on the crater slope, Adele had watched for his coming. The final event could only be a question of time.

And on that great waste, one would think such a family feud might be forgotten. Would it not be blotted out by the great teacher, Nature. Of what moment was it to Adele, of what moment was it to her lover Jaques, in the wonder of their unbounded love-faith, that the fathers, the grandfathers, or the grandfathers before them, had made cause of quarrel? What if the "Shep" now looked askance upon their loves. Should they, the lovers, suffer in an unjust cause? Why should they, the children, keep alive a fire which were better extinguished? Why should they, who loved, be the victims of a hate in an unknown past? "Wait." That was, at last, the father's vow. "Wait, not while he lived! The father of Jaques was dead, wait until the father of Adele was the same." The consent of the "Shep" was not to be gained. There was a sort of triumph over, a retaliation for the deeds of the hated father, in thus refusing the plea of the son. But what of his daughter? Her dead mother, would she have opposed the lover of Adele the same? By that mother's grave Adele had felt in her heart, that the part of hate should come to an end, and that the future should be for love.

And so the lovers waited, but it was not decreed that they should wait for long. "Honor thy father and thy mother"—that they would do. And "For this cause shall a man leave his father and mother and cleave to his wife"—the time had not come for that. And the lovers would not have it thus. And death should

not hasten the time of their joy. And yet, before the priest departed from the land, the father of Adele lay dead!

And he was buried by the side of his wife on the crater floor; and again the Holy Father officiated in his holy office surrounded by the trim, black walls. And, later, at the little altar, at the place where the lovers first met, Jaques and Adele were united as one.

Leaving the ruined dwelling and ascending the slope of the conical hill or butte, where the sheep yet browsed, we looked on the remarkable scene. Truly it possessed a romance of its own. The sun had set, and all was dim in the black and silent void. Yet the full moon arose, and touched, with its light, the mounds and the cross on the crater floor. There lay in that strange place the "Shep" and his wife, and in distant France loved Jaques and Adele.

And we thought of Fate, and then we thought of Love which is immortal.



# Is Man Immortal?

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BY JOSEPH F. SMITH, JR., OF THE COUNCIL OF TWELVE

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IN THREE PARTS—PART II

The Lord declared to Enoch, as we read in the Pearl of Great Price, that his great work and glory is, "to bring to pass the immortality and eternal life of man" (Moses 1:39). This great work and glory began before the foundation of this earth was laid. For man is not only a physical body, but an immortal spirit also, which is in the likeness of the physical body, or, to speak correctly, the physical body is in the likeness of the spirit. The disciples of the Lord understood this, for, after his resurrection, when he appeared unto them, "they were terrified and affrighted, and supposed that they had seen a spirit. And he said unto them, Why are ye troubled? and why do thoughts arise in your hearts? Behold my hands and my feet, that it is I myself: handle me, and see; for a spirit hath not flesh and bones, as ye see me have" (Luke 24:37, 38).

There is an account given in the Book of Mormon of the brother of Jared presenting himself before the Lord with a number of stones that the Lord might touch them that he and his followers might have light while they crossed the ocean. When the Lord touched the stones the brother of Jared fell to the earth, and the Lord commanded him to arise, and he said unto the Lord: "I saw the finger of the Lord, and I feared lest he should smite me; for I knew not that the Lord had flesh and blood." And the Lord said unto him, "Because of thy faith thou hast seen that I shall take upon me flesh and blood; and never hath man come before me with such exceeding faith as thou hast." This man then asked the Lord to show himself to him which the Lord did declaring: "I am he who was prepared from the foundation of the world to redeem my people. Behold I am Jesus Christ. \* \* \* This body, which ye now behold, is the body of my spirit; and man have I created after the body of my spirit; and even as I appear unto thee to be in the spirit, will I appear unto my people in the flesh" (Ether 3:3-16).

In another place it is recorded: "That which is spiritual, being in the likeness of that which is temporal; and that which is temporal, is in the likeness of that which is spiritual; the spirit of man in the likeness of his person, as also the spirit of the beast, and every other creature, which God has created" (D. and C.

77:2). What! the beast and every other creature possessing spirit and body—a living soul? And why not? Were they not all created before death was in the world? and through the transgression of Adam death passed upon all living creatures. The Lord did not create them as a thing of naught, to pass away and exist no more. The workmanship of his hands is eternal. "For all old things shall pass away," said the Lord, "and all things shall become new, even the heaven and the earth, and all the fulness thereof, both men and beasts, the fowls of the air, and the fishes of the sea, and not one hair, neither mote, shall be lost, for it is the workmanship of mine hand" (D. and C. 29:24, 25). This is a new thought to the present religious world, that even the animals, through the goodness of God and the atonement of his Son Jesus Christ, are made immortal. Yet if they had correctly read the scriptures they would have discovered it, and we shall prove it here.

The spirit of man is the offspring of God and existed in the eternities that are past. Paul said to the Athenians: "For in him [God] we live, and move, and have our being; as certain of your poets have said, for we are also his offspring; forasmuch then as we are the offspring of God, we ought not to think that the Godhead is like unto gold, or silver, or stone, graven by art and man's device" (Acts 17:28-29). In the twelfth chapter of Hebrews and ninth verse we read: "Furthermore we have had fathers of our flesh which corrected us, and we gave them reverence: shall we not much rather be in subjection to the Father of spirits and live?"

Jesus taught his disciples to pray: "Our Father who art in heaven," and at all times he taught them that his Father in heaven was also their Father. To Mary he said after his resurrection: "Go to my brethren, and say unto them, I ascend unto my Father and your Father, and to my God and your God." These were not idle words. The Savior meant just what he said, that his Father is also our Father and that he (the Savior) is our Elder Brother, but the only Begotten Son of God in the flesh, while we are his sons and daughters in the spirit creation.

The Prophet Joseph Smith and Sidney Rigdon, while in vision, saw the Father and the Son, and were commanded to bear testimony of him, and they have written:

"For we saw him, even on the right hand of God, and we heard the voice bearing record that he is the Only Begotten of the Father—that by him and through him, and of him, the worlds are and were created, and the inhabitants thereof are begotten sons and daughters unto God" (D. & C. 76:23-24).

The Lord declared through Moses the following:

"Remember the days of old, consider the years of many generations: \* \* \* When the Most High divided to the nations their

inheritance, when he separated the sons of Adam, he set the bounds of the people according to the number of the children of Israel." (Deut. 32:7-8).

A similar passage to this occurs in Acts where Paul declares to the Athenians that the Lord "hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth, and hath determined the times before appointed, and the bounds of their habitation" (Acts 17:26).

These passages clearly indicate that the numbers of the children of Israel were known and the bounds of their habitation fixed, in the days of old, when the Lord divided to the nations their inheritance. We conclude, therefore, that there must have been a division of the spirits of men in the spiritual world, and those who were appointed to be the children of Israel were separated and prepared for a special inheritance. But the objection is raised that since the Lord knows the end from the beginning it is an easy thing for him to determine the number of the children of Israel even before they existed. The fact, however, that all things were created first spiritual and secondly temporal is confirmed in the first two chapters of Genesis. We read in the first chapter that the Lord created every "moving creature that hath life" in the sea, the fowls of the air, the beasts of the field, the herbs bearing seed, and, to cap it all, man in his own image. In the second chapter we read that the heavens and the earth were finished and all the host of them, and then later we read (v.5) that there was not a man to till the ground, for the Lord had not caused it to rain upon the earth; moreover, that he created "every plant of the field, before it was in the earth, and every herb of the field before it grew." This evidently was a spiritual creation, and not a temporal one, which truth is confirmed beyond reasonable dispute in the first verse of the second chapter: "Thus the heavens and the earth were finished, and *all the host of them.*" How could all the host of the heavens and the earth be finished at that time, before the earth was prepared to receive the life intended for it, if there was no spiritual creation? No believer in the doctrine of the soul being the physical body would contend that these natural, or mortal, bodies were all created at that time. We are forced to conclude, then, that all these things, including the living creatures on the earth, the plants of the field as well as man, were created spiritually, before they were placed in the earth. We cannot avoid this conclusion.

In this dispensation of the fulness of times (Eph. 1:10) the Lord has revealed this very clearly to his people. In the Pearl of Great Price we read:

"Thus the heaven and the earth were finished and all the host of them. And on the seventh day, I, God, ended my work, and all things which I had made; and I rested on the seventh day from all my



work, and all things which I had made were finished, and I, God, saw that they were good. And I, God, blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it; because that in it I had rested from all my work which I, God, had created and made. And now, behold, I say unto you, that these are the generations of the heaven and the earth, when they were created, in the day that I, the Lord God, made the heaven and the earth. And every plant of the field before it was in the earth, and every herb of the field before it grew. For, I, the Lord God, created all things, of which I have spoken, spiritually, before they were naturally upon the face of the earth. For I, the Lord God, had not caused it to rain upon the face of the earth. And I, the Lord God, had created all the children of men; and not yet a man to till the ground; for in heaven created I them; and there was not yet flesh upon the earth, neither in the water, neither in the air. \* \* \* And I, the Lord God, formed man from the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul, the first flesh upon the earth, the first man also; nevertheless, all things were before created; but spiritually were they created and made according to my word" (Moses 3:1-7).

Now, this is the word of the Lord as it was originally revealed to Moses and recorded, and again in these latter-days has been restored to man. The passages here quoted are clear and easily understood and no man who reads them need be at cross purposes with their meaning. Yet, in the book of Genesis the same thought is set forth, and while not in the clear cut manner here given, yet with sufficient clearness that "he may run that readeth it," and understand. There is no conflict, but full harmony between King James' version and the Pearl of Great Price. But men, blinded by tradition and false interpretation of the scriptures, fail to understand.

It is very easy to comprehend with the knowledge here set forth what the prophets of old meant in these passages of scripture:

"Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings *in heavenly places* in Christ; according as he hath chosen us in him before the foundation of the world, that we should be holy and without blame before him in love" (Eph. 1:3-4).

"And as Jesus passed by, he saw a man which was blind from his birth. And his disciples asked him saying, Master, who did sin, this man or his parents, that he was born blind?"

In his answer the Savior confirmed the idea in the minds of the disciples of the pre-existence when he answered:

"Neither hath this man sinned, nor his parents; but that the works of God should be made manifest in him" (John 9:1-4).

If their idea had been erroneous, the Master would have taken this occasion to correct it, for it would have been a grievous error, but he confirmed them in their view.

"In hope of eternal life, which God, that cannot lie, promised before the world began" (Titus 1:2).

Jeremiah was told that he was called by the Lord before he was born, to be a prophet to the nations (Jer. 1:5).

This also explains the meaning of the question the Lord put to Job:

"Who is this that darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge? \* \* \* Gird up now thy loins like a man; for I will demand of thee, and answer thou me. Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth? Declare, if thou hast understanding. \* \* \* When the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy" (Job 38:2, 3, 7).

Was there ever such a time as this? We learn from the Pearl of Great Price, that there was a council held in heaven, when the Lord called before him the spirits of his children and presented to them a plan by which they should come down on this earth, partake of mortal life and physical bodies, pass through a probation of mortality and then go on to a higher exaltation through the resurrection which should be brought about through the atonement of his Only Begotten Son, Jesus Christ. The thought of passing through mortality and partaking of all the vicissitudes of earth life in which they would gain experiences through suffering, pain, sorrow, temptation and affliction, as well as the pleasures of life in this mundane existence, and then, if faithful, passing on through the resurrection to eternal life in the kingdom of God, to be like him (I John 3:2), filled them with the spirit of rejoicing, and they "shouted for joy." The experience and knowledge obtained in this mortal life, they could not get in any other way, and the receiving of a physical body was essential to their exaltation.

God gave his children their free agency even in the spirit world, by which the individual spirits had the privilege, just as men have here, of choosing the good and rejecting the evil, or partaking of the evil to suffer the consequences of their sins. Because of this, some even there were more faithful than others in keeping the commandments of the Lord. Some were of greater intelligence than others, as we find it here, and were honored accordingly. We read in the Pearl of Great Price:

"Now the Lord had shown unto me, Abraham, the intelligences that were organized before the world was; and among all these there were many of the noble and great ones. And God saw these souls that they were good, and he stood in the midst of them, and he said: These I will make my rulers; for he stood among those that were spirits, and he saw that they were good; and he said unto me: Abraham, thou art one of them; thou wast chosen before thou wast born. And there stood one among them that was like unto God, and he said unto those who were with him; We will go down, for there is space there, and we will take of these materials, and we will make an earth whereon these may dwell; and we will prove them herewith, to see if they will do all things whatsoever the Lord their God shall command them; and they who keep their first estate shall be added

upon; and they who keep not their first estate shall not have glory in the same kingdom with those who keep their first estate; and they who keep their second estate shall have glory added upon their heads for ever and ever" (Abraham 3:22-26).

It was this occasion the Lord called to the mind of Job. We learn from this that the spirits of men had their free agency, some were greater than others, and from among them the Father called and fore-ordained his prophets and rulers. Jeremiah and Abraham were two of them. This is sufficient answer to those who say: "If all men partake alike of this divine thinking essence, they ought to manifest the same degree of intelligence and show the same disposition. \* \* \* There ought to be uniformity of manifestation if there be uniformity of power." This is the argument raised by "soul-sleepers" against the existence of spirit. The fact is, however, that the spirits of men were not equal. They may have had an equal start, and we know they were all innocent in the beginning (D. & C. 83:38), but the right of free agency which was given to them enabled some to outstrip others and thus, through the eons of immortal existence, to become more intelligent, more faithful, for they were free to act for themselves, to think for themselves, to receive the truth or rebel against it.

In fact, when this plan of redemption was presented and Jesus was chosen to be the Redeemer of the world, some did rebel. They were not willing to accept him as the "Lamb slain before the foundation of the world." When the question of choosing a Savior to redeem the inhabitants of this mortal world was presented, the Lord said: "Who shall I send?" And one answered like unto the Son of Man: Here am I, send me. And another answered and said: Here am I, send me. And the Lord said: I will send the first. And the second was angry, and kept not his first estate; and at that day, many followed after him (Abraham 4:27-28). The first estate was that former spiritual existence, the second estate is this mortal probation, and the third estate will come in the resurrection of the dead.

This rebellion is given in another place more in detail as follows:

"And I, the Lord God, spake unto Moses, saying: That Satan, whom thou hast commanded in the name of mine Only Begotten; is the same which was from the beginning, and he came before me, saying, Behold—here am I, send me, I will be thy son, and I will redeem all mankind, that one soul shall not be lost, and surely I will do it; wherefore give me thine honor. But, behold, my Beloved Son, which was my Beloved and Chosen from the beginning, said unto me—Father, thy will be done, and the glory be thine forever. Wherefore, because that Satan rebelled against me, and sought to destroy the agency of man, which I, the Lord God, had given him, and also, that I should give unto him mine own power; by the power of mine Only Begotten, I caused that he should be cast down; and he became

Satan, yea, even the devil, the father of all lies, to deceive and to blind men and to lead them captive by his will, even as many as would not hearken unto my voice" (Moses 4:1-6).

The Prophet Joseph Smith and Sidney Rigdon were privileged to see in vision this rebellion and they said:

"And this we saw also, and bear record, than an angel of God who was in authority in the presence of God, who rebelled against the Only Begotten Son, whom the Father loved, and who was in the bosom of the Father—was thrust down from the presence of God and the Son, and was called Perdition, for the heavens wept over him—he was Lucifer, a son of the morning, and we beheld, and lo, he is fallen! is fallen! even a son of the morning. And while we were yet in the spirit, the Lord commanded us that we should write the vision, for we beheld Satan, that old serpent—even the devil—who rebelled against God, and sought to take the kingdom of our God, and his Christ. Wherefore he maketh war with the Saints of God, and encompasses them round about" (D. & C. 76:25-29).

Again it is written:

"And it came to pass, that Adam being tempted of the devil (for, behold, the devil was before Adam, for he rebelled against me, saying, Give me thine honor, which is my power; and also a third part of the hosts of heaven turned he away from me because of their agency; and they were thrust down, and thus came the devil and his angels. And, behold, there is a place prepared for them from the beginning, which place is hell" (D. & C. 29:36-38).

We have a glimpse of this rebellion recorded in the Bible. Jude writes the following:

"And the angels which kept not their first estate, but left their own habitation, he hath reserved in everlasting chains under darkness unto the judgment of the great day" (Jude 6).

Peter said:

"God spared not the angels that sinned, but cast them down to hell, and delivered them into chains of darkness, to be reserved unto judgment" (II Peter 2:4).

Isaiah:

"How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning! how art thou cut down to the ground, which didst weaken the nations! For thou hast said in thine heart, I will ascend into heaven, I will exalt my throne above the stars of God; I will sit also upon the mount of the congregation, in the sides of the north: I will ascend above the heights of the clouds; I will be like the Most High" (Isaiah 14:12-14).

This account in Isaiah is very much like that given through the Prophet Joseph Smith.

This is from the book of Revelation:

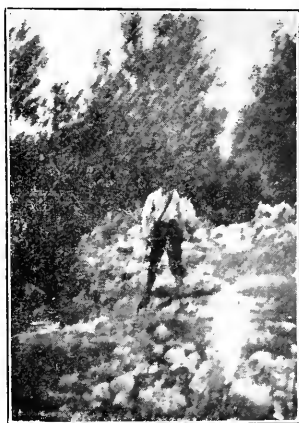
"And there was war in heaven; Michael and his angels fought against the dragon; and the dragon fought and his angels, and prevailed not; neither was there place found any more in heaven. And the great dragon was cast out, that old serpent, called the devil, and

Satan, which deceiveth the whole world; he was cast out into the earth, and his angels were cast out with him" (Rev. 12:7-9).

All these passages refer to one and the same event—the great rebellion in heaven, when Lucifer, or Satan, a son of the morning, and one-third of the hosts thereof were cast out into the earth because he sought to destroy the free agency of man and they sided with him. He sought the throne of God and put forth his plan in boldness in that great council, declaring that he would save all, that not one soul should be lost, provided God would give him the glory and the honor. When his plan was rejected for a better one, he rebelled and said, as Isaiah states the case: "I will ascend into heaven, I will exalt my throne above the stars of God, I will be like the Most High."

If there had been no free agency, there could have been no rebellion in heaven; but what would man amount to without this free agency? He would be no better than a mechanical contrivance. He could not have acted for himself, but in all things would have been acted upon, and hence unable to have received a reward for meritorious conduct. He would have been an automaton; could have had no "happiness nor misery, neither sense nor insensibility" (2 Nephi 2:11), and such could hardly be called existence. Under such conditions there could have been no purpose in our creation.

The gospel plan is based upon the merit system, and such a system requires the free agency of man (D. & C. 29:35. 2 Nephi 2:16). Man may choose to do right or he may choose to do evil, for he is free "to choose liberty and eternal life, through the great mediation of all men, or to choose captivity and death, according to the captivity and power of the devil; for he seeketh that all men might be miserable like unto himself" (2 Nephi 2:27).



## Lincoln's Hour of Vision

### Your Opportunity\*

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BY DR. E. G. GOWANS, STATE SUPT. PUBLIC INSTRUCTION, UTAH

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One day in August, 1837, a group, consisting of two doctors and seven lawyers, jogged along on horseback from Springfield, Illinois, to a little town called Salem, to attend a camp meeting. Dr. Peter Akers, a wonderful Methodist preacher, was the speaker for the day. Dr. Akers spoke on the subject, "The Dominion of Jesus Christ," and he set forth in impassioned utterance the utter impossibility of Christ's kingdom coming to America until human slavery was abolished. It is said that with marvelous power he spoke for three hours, portraying with consummate oratorical skill the iniquity of slavery and the way in which it had fastened itself, with almost vital hold, upon our nation. With prophetic foresight he described the great war that would be, the bloodshed, the devastation, the horror of it all. Near the close of the sermon he said: "Who can tell us but that the man who shall lead us through this strife may be standing in this presence?"

One of the men who had ridden that day from Springfield stood in the aisle not thirty feet away, and his name was Abraham Lincoln. That night after returning home, Lincoln was asked what he thought of the sermon. He replied: "I never thought such power could be given to a mortal man. Those words were from beyond the lips of the speaker. The doctor has persuaded me that American slavery will go down with the crush of a civil war." He then added, "Gentlemen, you may be surprised, and think it strange, but when the doctor was describing the civil war I distinctly saw myself, as in second sight, bearing an important part in that strife." Lincoln had had his hour of vision. Do you wonder that he could make the Gettysburg speech? Do you wonder that he could give utterance to the second Inaugural? Do you wonder at the Emancipation Proclamation? No man has ever risen to the heights of great leadership without vision. To everyone there comes an hour of vision. Those only who have the qualities and powers to make real the vision become great.

One of the functions of education is to bring to the individual his intellectual and moral awakening, to open up before him the future, to show him a vision, and then help him to develop the

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\*A talk to the graduating class of 1915, Latter-day Saints University, Salt Lake City.

powers to make his vision real. No one knows now, no one knows when you young people will get your vision, or if perchance some of you have already seen it. It may be today, it may be tomorrow, it may be far in the future, but of this we are certain, the school is your opportunity to develop those characteristics which will enable you to make it real.

The vital question with each of you should be: Have I wasted my opportunity, or have I used it wisely? What has school meant to you? What have you gotten out of it? You have completed certain years of more or less definitely prescribed work. You have gone on year after year making new conquests, acquiring new knowledge, enlarging your intellectual horizon. You have no doubt enjoyed these plenteous years. It is not alone the technical knowledge you have obtained in the various subjects studied; but what changes have you observed taking place within yourselves? That is the test of the right use of your opportunity. What are you that you were not before your opportunity came? Of course, you are now capable of going out into the world and making a living. Very good, but there is a vast difference between making a living and making a life.

To make a life you must in the first place have the courage to live, you must accept the gift of life, the supreme gift of God to man. Too many mistakenly regard the by-products of life as life itself, and therefore in their efforts to secure these by-products miss life itself entirely. Happiness is a by-product and comes only to those who really live—who go out to meet life, look it squarely in the face and conquer its difficulties. So it is with social distinction, wealth beyond what is really needed, place, popularity—things which degrade and debase the soul, if pursued for their own sake, but which if they come as incidentals along the pathway of real life are ennobling and satisfactory. These things come to those who have the courage to live and not to those who are content merely to exist.

Courage is an elemental sort of virtue admired by all. The courage of war has been as universal as has patriotism itself. But the courage of war and battle where excitement and music and the war-cry enable men to face death, marching side by side with a thousand others, is as nothing when compared with the masterful bravery of big men who have the courage to march and to stand alone.

Marriage takes courage on the part of young people, because it means heavy responsibilities, it takes away certain freedom to follow selfish desires, it compels the surrender of comforts and pleasures, it imposes duties, but it enacts unselfishness, and, if fortunately it results in the gift of children, it taps the foundations of the greatest and most enduring happiness.

The school offers you the opportunity to develop this sort

of courage. It requires and develops no courage to go along with the crowd, to listen to the voice of the majority, and to say, "me too." It requires no courage to propose and carry out a hazing scheme, to form bad habits, to go out for a "time" with the boys, to violate the rules of the school, to announce yourself an agnostic in religion, and know-it-all in everything else, to express the ready made opinion of others, to assume an air of flippant indifference to the welfare of your fellows, and to regulate your conduct by the opinions of the gang. But it does require courage to stand alone for the right against odds, to live up to a decent standard in school athletics, to insist upon being clean, even at the cost of breaking with the boys, to do your own thinking, to show in a practical way that you are sincerely interested in the welfare of others, to play the man, to stand out from the crowd, to fight the influences which are today destroying the home. If you have used your opportunity wisely, have demonstrated your courage wherever school life has demanded it, you have felt your courage to live and strive in the bigger life grow stronger and stronger every day until now you know that you have one power that will help you to realize your vision.

To make a life you must be in earnest. Life is real, it is a serious business, and sincere earnestness is needed to adequately meet its difficulties. The man who is sincerely in earnest about his life will make a fairly adequate preparation for its duties. I would not rob young people of the delights and joys of youth. Young men need the companionship of young women, and young women need that of men, but while there is nothing more valuable to a young man than the companionship of a good woman, there is nothing quite so sinister as that of a bad one. The friendship of a good man is one of the most ennobling things that can come into the life of a young woman, but God himself can't wipe out of her life the influence of association with a bad one. No, I would not rob youth of its joys and compensations—but I would rob it of the causes for regret, of the experiences which leave a bad taste in the mouth, of the selfish gratification of youthful desires which is followed by the staleness of what should be an ardent and well-balanced middle life, and the dry rot of what should be a dignified and wholesome old age. A genuine cheerful earnestness is a marvelous safeguard, a capable balance wheel; indeed the poet was right when he said: "Earnestness alone makes life eternity." Those of you who are sincerely in earnest have one more power that will help you to realize your vision.

To make a life you must be able to control yourself. The control of the individual by himself is the essence of all good government. The big result of self-control is to make one sure of himself. In taking a position to be sure of his ground, in



reasoning to be sure of his inferences and conclusions, in all the relations of life to be sure of his own sincerity,—that is what it means to have one's self under his own control. Self-control means for the individual to be quiet and efficient in daily work. to be cool, steady, level-headed in the presence of great difficulty; in the presence of the rich, to look not up; in the presence of the poor, to look not down; in the presence of emergency, to be resourceful; confronted with disaster, to be full of determination,—these are the things that constitute self-control. If your opportunity has been used so as to give you this important power, you have still another means of making your vision real.

To make a life you must be able to work. Listen to this song of triumph by Angela Morgan:

• WORK

Work!

Thank God for the might of it,  
The ardor, the urge, the delight of it—  
Work that springs from the heart's desire,  
Setting the soul and the brain on fire.  
Oh, what is so good as the heat of it,  
And what is so glad as the beat of it,  
And what is so kind as the stern command  
Challenging brain and heart and hand?

Work!

Thank God for the pride of it,  
For the beautiful, conquering tide of it,  
Sweeping the life in its furious flood,  
Thrilling the arteries, cleansing the blood,  
Mastering stupor and dull despair,  
Moving the dreamer to do and dare.  
Oh, what is so good as the urge of it,  
And what is so glad as the surge of it,  
And what is so strong as the summons deep  
Rousing the torpid soul from sleep?

Work!

Thank God for the pace of it,  
For the terrible, keen, swift race of it;  
Fiery steeds in full control,  
Nostrils aquiver to greet the goal.  
Work, the power that drives behind,  
Guiding the purposes, taming the mind,  
Holding the runaway wishes back,  
Reining the will to one steady track,  
Speeding the energies faster, faster,  
Triumphing over disaster.  
Oh, what is so good as the pain of it,  
And what is so great as the gain of it,  
And what is so kind as the cruel goad,  
Forcing us on through the rugged road?

Work!

Thank God for the swing of it,  
For the clamoring, hammering ring of it,

Passion of labor daily hurled  
 On the mighty anvils of the world. \* \* \*  
 Oh, what is so fierce as the flame of it,  
 And what is so huge as the aim of it,  
 Thundering on through dearth and doubt,  
 Calling the plan of the Maker out;  
 Work, the Titan; Work, the Friend,  
 Shaping the earth to a glorious end;  
 Draining the swamps and blasting the hills,  
 Doing whatever the spirit wills,  
 Rending a continent apart  
 To answer the dream of the Master heart.  
 Thank God for a world where none may shirk,  
 Thank God for the splendor of work!

Work, more than any other one thing, will enable you to make your vision real.

There is one other thing needful, and that is that your ideals must be right. Lincoln had his hour of vision, and he had, too, the courage, the earnestness, the self-control, the power to work, and the ideals which made possible the realization of that vision. His ideals were right when he said: "I do the best I know, the very best I can; and I mean to keep right on doing so until the end. If the end brings me out all right, what is said against me won't amount to anything. If the end brings me out wrong, then angels swearing I was right would make no difference." His ideals were right when he said: "Die when I may, I want it said of me by those who knew me best that I always plucked a thistle and planted a flower where I thought a flower would grow." So, too, when he said in the Cooper Institute speech: "Neither let us be slandered from our duty by false accusations against us, nor frightened from it by menaces of destruction to the government, nor of dungeons to ourselves. Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us to the end dare to do our duty as we understand it."

And who shall question the rightness of his ideals when he said: "With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right—let us strive on to finish the work we are in; \* \* \* to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations." And most of all was his ideal right (and this ideal can be the ideal of each one of us) when he said: "I am not bound to win, but I am bound to be true. I am not bound to succeed, but I am bound to live up to what light I have. I must stand with anybody that stands right; stand with him while he is right, and part with him when he goes wrong."

And now let me say, with reverence, may God grant to each of you your hour of vision, and help you to develop the power to make it real.

## “Faint-Heart Ne’er Won Fair Lady”

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THE FOURTH OF A SERIES OF FOUR JED STORIES, EACH COMPLETE  
IN ITSELF

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BY IDA STEWART PEAY

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When Jed Ware entered upon the second year of his schooling he laid out for himself two tasks. One was that he must excel in all his studies and the other was to try to win the affections of Amy Bleeson.

During the summer, while he was away working in the mines, he laid the foundation for the accomplishment of the first task by studying persistently every spare moment. The second did not seem entirely improbable to him, for he always thought of the little girl teacher as she appeared that Saturday when the school had an outing on the mountain. He had lived again and again the hour they sat upon the big flat rock and loved life and the beautiful world together. He often recalled the moment they looked into each other's eyes and laughed from sheer gladness and how afterwards they raced down the mountain side hand in hand like two care-free children. Such thoughts made the extra shifts and cheap living seem no hardship at all, since it enabled him to put away two-hundred dollars against some future need in which, in his mind, Amy Bleeson always figured.

But now, as he swung along towards the old Ware House with his Blackgulch pals, Hebe and Abe in his care, he received a shock which made at least one of his ambitions seem a mere pipe dream. Just as he and his companions turned into the broad street, at the bottom of which the school was located, they came upon Amy Bleeson walking leisurely along with the very proper, immaculate and haughty Ben Shumway. The two were carrying on a low but apparently merry conversation. To see the girl he loved so happy with some one else, and that some one Shumway, smote Jed; he gave a slight start which he hoped Hebe or Abe would not notice, and the next instant Miss Bleeson had espied her Blackgulch friends and turned to greet them.

In her pretty, gracious way she cordially welcomed them to her home town and the school. If there was a brighter light in her eyes as she looked up at the big, handsome sheep-herder, he did not perceive it. He could hardly see the September sunshine, so dark had everything grown to him at discovering her intimacy

with the despised Shumway. When the three country boys passed on, the society man, who had held himself proudly aloof during the brief interval of greeting, stepped into his place beside the young lady, and the two continued their walk more slowly than before—the young man setting the pace. Neither of the Blackgulch boys spoke until they were fully a block away, then Abe asked in his blunt manner,

"Is that her feller?"

"Don't know," mumbled Jed shortly.

"Hum! he's some sport, ain't he?" observed Hebe.

"Sure, had on the glad rags," said Abe.

"I guess us fellers, if we did git some biled shirts, look mighty different from a swell like him," mused Hebe more soberly than was his custom.

"'Clothes don't make the man,' " pacified Jed, lamely, without any belief in the words.

"They git the girls," Hebe indulged, in his usual snicker, "that's plain."

"Not the right kind of girls," persisted Jed, dully, still with no faith in his assertion.

"Well, little Bleeson was a mighty sweet kind down south, don't know how she'll take up here—maybe there's lots like her."

"No, there isn't!" contradicted Jed, "she'll be the belle of the school," he predicted, with returning warmth.

"She can have me," grinned Hebe.

"An' me," echoed Abe with a chuckle.

"She's had me a long time," Jed said absently, sighing. Hebe and Abe looked up quickly and exchanged glances but they said nothing.

"Well, boys, here's the big school," Jed announced solemnly as he and the new students reached the little frame entrance built incongruously on the great bare side of the long Ware House.

"Not such an all-fired fine buildin'," Abe criticized, looking it over.

"No," Jed owned, "but, you see, their first schoolhouse burned down and they are just using this as a make-shift until they can get a new home built. One is now in the course of construction on the other side of town.

"Oh!" Hebe and Abe nodded together, enlightened and mollified. They both grew very quiet as they mounted the stairs on their tip toes.

"Why, here's Sally!" exclaimed Jed, coming suddenly upon the only girl in Blackgulch who was in any way prepared for the higher education offered at the Academy.

"Yes," cried Abe, his face lighting up with pleasure, "she said she'd be early. How'd you think you'll like it, Sally?" there

was a solicitous note in rough Abe's voice that escaped Jed and Hebe, but not Sally; she cast the boy a grateful glance as she whispered, "All right, I guess, but I'm scared blue."

Abe laid his big hand gently on her arm, "Never mind, Sally," he coaxed, "me'n Hebe's in the same boat."

"Well, come on, you will all get along fine," cheered Jed, as he took his Blackgulch friends under his wing, so to speak, and got them started. He was alert to every glance of curiosity or merriment directed against his townfolk. Indeed, his great anxiety to protect them from any unpleasantness or hurts was so apparent that it was generally respected by Jed's many friends, and so Hebe and Abe and Sally Brown got through their first day at the Academy without disconcerting incidents. Amy Bleeson, too, the little teacher, who had gone to their far away town and wakened them up and encouraged them to try to get an education, showed them every attention, and as she seemed to be fully as popular in the big school as she was at Blackgulch, they felt quite flattered.

One late afternoon toward the close of the first semester, Jed wandered to the north windows in the old Normal Room that overlooked the approach to the building. He hardly admitted to himself that he had any particular purpose in going in that direction, except that he liked to study there. But incidentally it was his habit to glance occasionally out over the diagonal path which led from the school entrance to the street, and nearly always about this time of day the same sight met his gaze. Tonight was no exception to the rule. When he had been there but a few minutes, Amy Bleeson emerged from the entrance and started across the old path; walking easily beside her, carrying her books and smiling his most engaging smile, was Ben Shumway.

Jed set his square jaw down tight and frowned darkly—"I wouldn't care so much if he were not such a cur—." His bitter reflections were cut short by a tap on the shoulder from his friend Hebe who had looked out of the window and raised his brows significantly, but who was looking very interestedly across the room at a girl, when Jed turned.

"Who is that young lady?" he whispered, pointing to the young lady on the other side of the room.

"That's Allie Peck," said Jed.

"Give me a 'knock-down' to her," modestly demanded the latest arrival from the sheep-herd.

"Why, she's one of the swells of the school," exclaimed Jed in surprise.

"Well, that don't hurt her none with me," said Hebe blurt-ing out into his good-natured laugh, as he drew Jed away from the window.

In the course of a few minutes Jed and Hebe had overtaken

Miss Peck on her way down the stairs, Hebe had been formally presented and soon the three were chatting easily: Both boys walked home with the young lady and before her gate was reached it was evident that she and Hebe were getting along rapidly in a mutually agreeable friendship. From then on pretty Miss Peck's desk was haunted by the jovial country lad, and it was easy to see the young lady was not altogether displeased.

The winter passed quickly for at least two of the Blackgulch rowdies. Hebe made a fair student, a gay gallant, and was an all-around favorite, few being able to resist his perpetual good humor. Poor Abe made but slow progress in his lessons, but his sincere and earnest struggle and straight-forwardness earned for him the respect of all the thoughtful ones. Both boys were thoroughly interested and contented, for which later developments may furnish adequate reason.

Jed, alone, was not like himself, something was wrong with him. True he was making his way steadily and by no means slowly among the leading students of the school, but in some ways he was not the same old dauntless, fearless, reckless Jed.

One warm spring afternoon he was standing once more by his old watch tower window—as he called it to himself—in the Normal Room. From here he looked out over the diagonal path that led from the entrance to the street and presently saw Amy and Shumway walk off together. It was a familiar sight to him now, and he witnessed it with dull calmness. In a few minutes Hebe and Allie Peck came into view, Allie was laughing merrily, no doubt at Hebe's droll nonsense. Some time later these two couples were followed by good old Abe carrying the books and easing the homesickness of quiet little Sally Brown. He could see Abe leaning close to the Blackgulch girl and looking down at her while Sally glanced up trustingly, gratefully at him.

Jed heaved a sigh: he began thinking bitterly of his great plans of last summer. Of course, he could not help feeling satisfied at his progress for he was gaining splendidly in his classes. With his remarkable native ability, his great capacity for work, his determination to rise and a real love of knowledge—which had laid dormant until Miss Bleeson's advent in Blackgulch—he was making wonderful advancement. His teachers declared he had made the most unusual progress of any student that had ever entered the school. But he was not even trying to win Amy Bleeson and he acknowledged to himself that he wanted her more now than ever before, and more than anything else in the world.

Discouraged and enraged at Shumway's apparent acceptance, Jed had actually shunned the lady of his dreams. At first Miss Bleeson had been with him as she was with everybody, cordial, frank, winning and merry, but of late she seemed almost to be avoiding him. Tonight Jed's heart was heavier than usual. He

was lonely and full of a great longing. There never had been a woman in his life, no mother, no sister, really no girl-friend—all his affection for womankind was rolled into his love for Amy Bleeson and she was monopolized—lost to him. After an hour of heart-ache so intense that it left its mark upon his strong, young face, he turned to his books, as was his custom, for consolation. There in the old north window he studied until the janitor, peeping in, discovered him and said he was locking up the house. Jed had been so absorbed in his study and melancholy that he had not noticed the lateness of the hour, but now remembering many labors he had to perform, he rushed out quite excitedly.

As Jed reached the street across the diagonal path from the little frame entrance, he came face to face with Shumway and was plunged further into misery by one of Ben's triumphant and disdainful glances. At the end of the first block, Jed passed one of the professors.

"Well, you are late getting home, Jed," said the man as he passed, and Jed merely murmured, "Yes, sir"—never for a moment suspecting that these slight circumstances were weaving a web around him that would cause him one of the sharpest pangs of his life.

The next morning when Jed arrived at school and entered the Normal Department, he realized that something was being discussed excitedly by a fast growing crowd around the teacher's desk. As Jed could look over most people's head, he saw that the registrar of the school was the center of attraction. At that moment, one of the head professors (the one Jed had met the night before when he was leaving for home) entered.

"What is the matter here?" he enquired looking curiously around.

"Why, I have been robbed," declared the frustrated registrar.

"Robbed! How's that! What do you mean?" cried the professor in astonishment.

"Well, yesterday, after the close of school—" the registrar began to relate while a dead silence made his words audible to every person in the room—"a student brought me a \$20 green-back on tuition. I was standing at the north window, yonder, explaining and working a problem in mathematics to some students. I do not remember what I did with it that moment, but I presume I laid it between the leaves of my book thinking to put it away as soon as I was through figuring. I stood there with the students for more than an hour, in fact, until there was but one person left in the room.

"I did not think of the money again until sometime after I arrived at my home. Then, looking for it, and being unable to find it, I realized I had left the book upon the window. I hurried back getting here just as the janitor was locking the doors. My

book was on the window where I had left it, but there was no money to be found. I asked the janitor, here"—the man was standing near looking very worried—"who was the last person in the building. He said it was Jed Ware, in fact, that Mr. Ware was the only person in the department after I left."

"Yes," reluctantly admitted the old man, shaking his head and looking very much perturbed, "Mr. Ware was the last man to leave the place."

"Yes," murmured the professor thoughtfully, "I met Mr. Ware as he was going home, it was after sun-down; though, of course, that is no circumstance of consequence," he added hastily as he caught sight of Jed Ware standing as if struck dumb in the midst of the crowd which now included about all of the school that could get into the room.

"I met him, too, as he was leaving," volunteered Ben Shumway insinuatingly.

Abe, who was standing near him, growled threateningly, "What's you drivin' at?"

"Tryin to find out who took the money," sneered Ben.

"Well, you don't need to be trying to connect Ware with it, fur you know he's not that kind?" snarled Abe.

"No?" Shumway's lip curled contemptuously, scornfully, "don't a horse thief ever take money?"

In a second both Hebe and Abe had laid rough hands on the school's aristocrat.

"Take that back," Abe demanded fiercely while Hebe's humorous twinkle was hidden by a black, angry scowl.

"No, he needn't take that back," it was Jed's voice that rang out clear and daring. His handsome, brown face which had been burning a dull red suddenly became colorless, he was breathing hard, his lips were dry. "I was never punished for that sin so I—I guess I'll have to take my sentence now. I did steal a horse once."

"O, Jed, you didn't steal the horse, you didn't mean to keep it," Amy Bleeson's sweet girlish tones drew everybody's eyes from Jed to herself. Her cheeks were red and her pretty blue eyes were flashing with indignation.

"I took the horse," Jed maintained, looking straight into the eyes of Miss Bleeson. "Of course, I meant to return it," he added sorrowfully, seeming to have forgotten every one present except the girl he was addressing, "but I took it and I deserve the reproach. You can never do a wrong without suffering for it some time, some way, so I'll take my medicine now, and be done with it. I never took anything else in my life, though, and as for this money, I know nothing about it," he was still talking to Amy Bleeson and she was looking at him with a world of sympathy in her kind, blue eyes.



"Pshaw!" Shumway slurred, "some folks are so innocent!" Ever since Jed called him down for kissing girls, just for fun; and ever since he had known this chapter in Jed's life, Ben had ached to publicly denounce the big sheep-herder. But now he had done so, he was almost sorry, for the girl that he preferred above all other girls was looking at him with undisguised disgust.

"There is no power on earth could make me believe Mr. Ware took that money," she declared stoutly to Shumway.

Jed could only look his thanks, but his dark eyes grew darker as they plainly expressed both deep gratitude and admiration for the girl of his dreams.

"It's a very deplorable affair," said the professor, "a very deplorable affair. I hardly know how we are going to discover the culprit; it is surely not—"

He stopped speaking as some one came rushing and pushing through the crowd. It was one of the students who was standing near the Registrar when that gentleman received the money.

"Look in your vest pocket, the one to your left hand," he cried breathlessly. The Registrar did so instantly and pulled out a \$20 note.

"For heaven's sake!" ejaculated the poor Registrar, entirely mystified.

"You had a book in your left hand and was figuring with your right," the new comer began to explain, "when the student handed you the money; I saw you take it between the finger and thumb of the left hand and, since the book you held prevented you putting it in your trouser's pocket, you stuffed it with your finger and thumb into that vest pocket."

Everybody heaved a sigh of relief. Just then the gong sounded, and in the space of a few seconds the crowd had dispersed. The Registrar and Professor shook hands with Jed, assuring him they had not had the slightest notion of accusing him, they had not even for a moment suspected him, and both were exceedingly sorry his name had been so thoughtlessly mentioned. An influential student slipped an arm through Jed's and whispered confidently, soberly, "I'm glad this matter came up, Ware, and I'm more than glad that you spoke out the truth. It turned out to be not half so bad as what has been whispered around lately. In fact, now we know the square of the thing, it's nothing—there's my hand," he held out his hand and Jed grasped it warmly, while an understanding glance of fellowship passed between the two boys.

Soon school was going as if nothing unusual had occurred, but Jed, though he suffered keenly for many days, finally concluded it was the best thing that could have happened to him.

That night Hebe and Abe paid a visit to their old pal. When they were comfortably settled in the little room, and Jed had laid

aside his books, Abe began bluntly, "What's eatin' you, Jed? Why don't you git in an' try to win the girl?"

Jed looked surprised, and colored noticeably. "Hadn't thought there was much chance for me," he murmured apologetically.

"Bah!" said Abe, "you wasn't 'fraid to hang 'round her in Blackgulch before you had any schoolin' and now—"

"It was a case of fools rushing in where angels fear to tread," interrupted Jed, with something like his old hearty laugh.

"Well," ventured Hebe, feeling too sober even to grin, "if any girl ever made as grand a defense of me before the whole school, as little Bleeson did of you, I wouldn't be afraid."

"You ain't the same, Jed, you used to be down in Blackgulch. If schoolin' is going to take all the nip and dare-devil out of you—you'd better go back to the sheep-herd," Abe grumbled.

"You had a more independent, peppery spirit 'fore you knew a blamed thing—when you was as ignorant as Fanny Meyer's blind colt. If education is going to make me scared to go up against a thin-skinned, under-handed, pretender to blue-blood, like Ben Shumway, I'm goin' to give it up 'fore I get any further in love with the little Peck girl," declared Hebe, looking the picture of eloquence.

Abe laughed heartily. "We're all gettin' the mating fever, Jed," he chuckled; "me'n Sally's goin' to have the knot tied 'fore we go home this spring. We're goin' to give up schoolin'—decide! we ain't cut out fur scholars. Like the notion of schoolin' mighty well, both of us, but our heads are too thick, yep, too dern thick. We'll go back home an' maybe we—a—can persuade some brighter young folk to take our place."

Jed grabbed Abe's hand and wrung it warmly as his old pal looked a little shy and altogether pleased and happy. "Bully for you, Abe!" he said; "I'm mighty glad you've found the big life—ah, the great life—with so little trouble. Good luck to you and Sally."

Hebe was smiling gleefully to himself, and Jed suddenly perceiving it, cried jocularly, "Out with it Hebe!"

"Well," said Hebe, throwing out his hands with an "owning up" gesture, while his eyes twinkled into a mischievous grin, "I'm never going to see Blackgulch again. I've got a job here for the summer with a store, down town, and I'm going to take a business course, and I'm going to keep on courting Allie Peck until she takes me to get rid of me."

This jolly little visit with his old pals built Jed wonderfully. After the boys left he put away his books, spent two hours on a toilet—combing his great shock of black hair not less than forty times—and started out to call on Amy Bleeson. That young lady greeted Jed in her pretty, cordial way, but he took no heart from

that, he was sure she had often welcomed Hebe and Abe and Shumway, Joe Anderson and others just as pleasantly.

Father and Mother Bleeson, Jack, and all the younger Bleeasons, spent the evening, as was their custom, in the cozy parlor where a cheerful fire burned brightly in the grate. There was reading, music, laughter and sparkling conversation; every one seemed to be feeling light-hearted and merry, and soon Jed felt quite at home. Presently one, then another, bade him good night until all had left the room but Amy. Jed thought this the signal for his departure, so he arose to go. But it was so good to be there, and to be near the one sweet girl; this seemed to be the very fire-side he had longed for all his life. He walked over to the hearth and leaned for a moment against the mantel. Suddenly, his old dare-devil spirit returned, his eyes lighted up, he threw back his black hair with his former characteristic movement of independence and power—he had determined to break into the game:

"Will you go to the party with me, next Friday night?" There was fire and gladness as well as longing in his great dark eyes as he looked across at Miss Bleeson. She had also risen and was standing on the other side of the grate. The fire was flickering low. She did not answer for a moment, and the young man's smile began to fade.

"Why, a—yes, Jed," she finally murmured, returning Jed's straight look, while her pretty face softened into a slow, curious smile, "but—" she stopped. Jed did not know what to think of her hesitation, he did not smile with her, he looked very sober.

"But what?" he asked.

"You haven't been very friendly with me this winter, I had hoped to see you oftener," she said, apparently interested in the fire-pictures.

Jed's face brightened instantly; he moved nearer to her. "Did—did you care to see me?" he asked eagerly in a low voice.

"Of course," smiled the girl, "we were such good friends in Blackgulch."

"Oh, you don't know how miserable I've been, I—"

"You've been working too hard," accused the young lady, solicitously.

"No, I have not," denied the boy, "but I've—been loving you too much:"

"Oh, Jed!" Amy Bleeson started, a great flush of color crept under her fair skin, and heightened the blue of her eyes.

"Forgive me," begged Jed, "I did not mean to tell you, but I have been so lonely—I've loved you so long. I loved you the first minute I saw you, and I've loved you every hour since." Jed was standing over her now and she glanced up at him with a look that set his heart to thumping. "Do you think—oh, could it be

possible—will you marry me, Amy?" he cried, taking her hands in his.

"Oh, you dear Jed!" she murmured.

"Do you love me?" whispered Jed incredulously.

"A whole lot," she told him with shining eyes; and then the big country man, who had scarcely touched a woman in his life, took the little girl of his dreams masterfully into his great, strong, hungry arms and kissed her.

PROVO, UTAH

## My Plea

God give me faith. My view is circumscribed.  
 My mind, attuned to finite things,  
 Needs Faith's pure stimulus and certain guide  
 To shape its course as forth it wings  
 Through the vast maze of error mixed with truth.  
 For truth alone, I quest, and pray, forsooth,  
 God give me Faith.

At times I sweep along life's varied course  
 And think my wisdom marks the way,  
 Then dire perplexities beset, perforce,  
 And I must grope, unless its ray  
 Shine forth and penetrate the gath'ring mist,  
 Illuminate my senses, and assist  
 My wav'ring feet.

There are dark passages along the road  
 When all my knowledge comes to naught;  
 There are temptations, and at times my load  
 Seems with such useless burdens fraught  
 That hope seems dead, and effort seems a waste,—  
 And then, how welcome unto me the chaste,  
 Pure glow of Faith.

Not my own pleasure would I seek alone.  
 To know the right, I hold is best,  
 With strength to do it when it once is known.  
 So, if with doubts I am oppressed,  
 Or in the weakness of misguided strength  
 I stumble, and the way grows dark at length,  
 God give me Faith.

There are great tasks to do, and lesser deeds;  
 But duty's oft beset with guile.  
 I may not know to what my effort leads,  
 But, that I work content the while,  
 One gift I ask, that I may rightly strive,  
 And at the goal Thou'st fixed at last arrive,  
 God give me Faith.

T. C. HOYT.

OGDEN, UTAH

# Human History not Explained by Evolution

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BY ROBERT C. WEBB

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[This article is a continuation of a series of contributions by the same author, which appeared in Volumes XVII and XVIII of the *ERA*. The earlier writings have dealt more particularly with the development of organisms, and the bearing of the doctrine of "Evolution" thereon; the present article treats the subject of the varied traits and tendencies of man as summarized under the title "Human Nature," and considers the origin and source thereof. While each article is complete in itself, students are advised to study the entire series. —EDITORS.]

## IN THREE PARTS—PART I

According to the evolution philosophy, the affairs of the world, and of humanity in particular, are determined by an unescapable tendency to a "necessary progress." Thus, we are accustomed to class among established truths the statement that there has been an evident improvement throughout historic time. We pass, without challenge or comment, therefore, the expressed claim that "we"—meaning the peoples of present-day Europe and America—have evidently "advanced," in a biological sense, beyond the ancient Egyptians, Greeks, Romans, Hindus, Semites, etc., just as they were "ahead of" savages, and these latter, in turn, superior to the alleged primordial ape ancestors. We also allow, in accord with current fashions in thinking, that savages represent merely persistent examples of the type original to all humanity, and the earliest state in which, historically, man is differentiated from the brute. It has occurred to very few thoughtful people, apparently, to ask in what consists this assumed progress—this claimed superior advancement—through which moderns of European stock are to be considered biologically so superior to civilized peoples of antiquity. The answer to such a question is by no means as clear as, at first thought, one might be inclined to expect. As history reveals the facts, however, it is entirely safe to state that by far the greater part, if, indeed, not all, of our boasted progress consists in improvements of methods, devices and instruments of human use and expression, rather than in that of human nature itself. Thus, instead of discovering presumptions of the notion that the type of man has advanced to its present condition from something not precisely "human," as at present understood, and is still advancing, the conclusion is nearly inevitable that human nature has been the same throughout historic time. When so strong a case may be made for this conten-

tion by an examination of the facts, we may readily understand that—since changes in human nature have been of negligible import throughout history—the further biological “improvement” of the race, as postulated on evolutionary principles, must occupy such immense periods of time, that, with the consummation of human perfection, the earth will be nearly ready to lapse into the barren and lifeless condition which has overtaken the moon. For such, as our scientists hold, is the destiny of all worlds in the universe, our own included. How alluringly the evolution “philosophy” sets forth the “glorious destiny” of the race!

The human differs from all other creatures in his relations to the external world. The range and efficiency of his mental operations are increased directly as the number of facts assimilated into the forms of thinking. Thus, as the known world grows greater for him, he also grows greater, or rather achieves a better efficiency—using this word in the sense familiar in mechanics—and is able, so long as he maintains his grasp on a wider area of knowledge, to think and act like a creature very essentially superior to his less favored fellows, who have a smaller command of facts. This follows from the reason that, just as a man depends upon the breadth and sufficiency of his knowledge for the achievement of such orders of progress and culture as he is able to manifest, so, also, can he thereby avail himself of a greater number of new functions, in the shape of extra-organic, or artificial, tools or instruments, with the help of which, as one might suppose, he is capable of increasing his powers almost without limit. By the aid of instruments and machines, constructed in accordance with natural physical laws, discovered in the course of extending his knowledge, and not to be known except through labored investigations, he is able to increase the range and capacity of his every sense and faculty, and achieve results, otherwise impossible in the natural order.

In the acquisition, dissemination, preservation and use of knowledge we find the core and essence of all that is included in human progress and development. The discovery of natural laws and the ability to apply them in the construction and use of instruments for the achievement of certain ends, also, in the improvement of such instruments, enlarge man's physical environment and increase his practical abilities, but can not, by any logical necessity, be assumed to improve the human type. Thus, if representatives of the most civilized peoples on earth should be marooned in a wild and abandoned region, where they would be thrown entirely upon their own resources, and with no help from, or communication with outside peoples, they must, unless possessed of expert special knowledge of using nature's resources for civilized purposes, quickly revert to the most “primitive” arts and methods, and the use of the crudest kinds of tools and instruments.

They would, in fact, become "stone-age" men. If unable to re-discover and utilize the fundamental sciences of metallurgy, chemistry and mechanics, their descendants in each successive generation must depart further and further from civilized standards. In fact, the superiority of such descendants to indigenous barbarians would consist quite entirely in the arts and sciences which they might be capable of preserving. All this means simply that, in his numerous achievements, man has merely erected a structure or entity distinct from himself—call it progress, civilization, culture, or what one will—and that, apart from the mass of mankind, and from their associations, traditions, achievements and history, the capacities of the individual, by which he would be able to maintain himself in extreme circumstances, are limited by the confines of the practical knowledge, which he has mastered, as one masters a trade or an art.

On the other hand, even with the fullest admission that all organisms in nature may have developed, or been "evolved," from the simplest beginnings, it must be evident that the "progress" of mankind, their development of the numerous arts and sciences of civilization, is a process of quite another description. When, in nature, there is need or occasion for some special organ or function, some particular tool or weapon, the requirement is supplied—developmentally or creatively, as one will—by some suitable modification of a structural element characteristic of the "generic plan" involved, and such modification becomes, from thenceforth, permanent to the type or species. Thus, the wings of all flying vertebrates are evidently variants, structural homologues, of the fore limbs and hands possessed by other non-flying representatives of allied genera. If developed, in course of some historical, or time, process, from true ancestral hands—as is not proven in any sense—we may see in the achievement a fresh example of nature's method of adapting an organism by suitable structural modifications, to meet the requirements of a new environment. Furthermore, with such structural modifications, however they may have been produced, we are compelled to recognize a commensurate involved knowledge, or awareness, of the proper way to control and use the organ for the purposes that it was evidently adapted to serve. The "soldier" ant differs from the "worker," not merely because of "training in arms"—to use a term borrowed from human experience—but because its formidable "weapons" are a part of its anatomy, and the knowledge of using them is involved in the structure of its ganglionic system. If, therefore, flying animals and specialized communal insects represent "improvements," as compared with alleged ancestral forms, and their perfecting is due to the operation of natural laws, it is evident that human history affords no analogies to any of the essential processes involved.

The achievement of such results as are possible to the civilization of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries must, in all natural necessity, follow only from constantly progressive accumulations of known facts—from the simplest to the most complex; the simplest facts forming the material for the complex deductions—just as the education of the individual, by which he is made acquainted with the world of facts and his relations to it, must begin with the most obvious elements and proceed to the most obscure. And yet, the entire process, in which the race has finally approximated the conquest of a few of the forces of nature has depended: (1) upon the attention devoted to particular subjects at special times, and (2) upon the methods followed in the search for truth. That the attention given to any subject at any period has been limited, or that the methods of searching for or treating facts have been defective, are to be attributed to ignorance in the special departments in question, or to lack of interest in contemporaneous minds, with very much more propriety than to deficient mentality.

Thus, for example, although people had known for several centuries, perhaps for thousands of years, that a considerable energy is generated, or released, when water, under the action of heat, passes into steam, that fact lay among the curiosities of nature, until about 150 years ago, simply because no one had investigated the phenomena of steam generation with attention sufficient to discover the true method of using its energy for practical purposes. Also, the process, in course of which the problem was finally solved, embodied a progress or development of knowledge, from the simplest principles, upward. Probably the first really mechanical use of steam—although a very inefficient one—was by Newcomen in 1710. Sixty years later, after long experience with Newcomen's device, Watt produced his first double-acting engine, which utilized for the first time the expansive energy of steam, against a partial vacuum created in a separate condenser. The high-pressure engine, using steam for pressures greater than atmosphere (14.7 lbs. per sq. in.), and enabling efficient and economical utilization of natural energy, was not produced until the beginning of the nineteenth century. The perfecting of the steam engine, occupying numerous minds during the better part of a century examples, most conspicuously, the first use for practical research of the so-called "scientific method," by which conclusions are derived from experimental observation of facts, rather than upon general and *a priori* deductions, without special experimentation. Because they had failed to use this method, and not because of any deficiency in native intelligence, scientists and physicists previous to the opening of the eighteenth century failed to discover the real facts regarding steam and the best available method of using it mechanically. Similarly, also, even such a brilliant and revolutionary investigator as Watt never thought of the



possibility of generators—or boilers—capable of yielding high pressures with safety and economy: in fact, he bitterly opposed the suggestion that formed the basis of modern steam engine practice. Thus because he had neglected to turn his attention into a new direction, he failed to achieve full credit as inventor of the first great mechanical contrivance of modern times.

The situation existing in the history of the steam engine is the same as exists in all other sciences. We find that the discovery of a new truth always follows on the use of a proper method of treating facts, while defective methods have been responsible for the continuance of errors and misconceptions. When Archimedes, cogitating the problem of determining the amount of gold in an irregularly shaped crown, concluded, in his bath, that a material body, no matter what its shape, must always displace the equivalent of its own bulk, when immersed in water, he formed a generalization characteristic of a mind strongly intelligent, even if uninformed upon some special subjects. When, on the other hand, the alchemists of mediæval Europe, in spite of the few valuable discoveries to their credit, experimented at random, in the hope of achieving probably impossible results, they demonstrated merely how a false method, or no method at all, can negative the efforts of even able minds. From such scattered examples we may understand that for a person familiar with the known facts of a given department of knowledge the discovery of new ones is far easier than for one less learned. Nor, apart from their respective stores of knowledge, is the success of the former or the failure of the latter to be attributed to essential differences in actual intelligence. Very many of the facts of nature are, like the metal stored in "refractory ores," difficult of extraction, and to be obtained only through skill and effort. In fact, truth never yields to intelligence alone, but rather to the force exerted by a large "head" of knowledge, previously accumulated, like water retained by a dam for utilization of its propulsive weight.

Such principles furnish a clue to judging the work and achievements of prehistoric man, as well as those of the historic. From the apparent advances in the making and using of tools, weapons, etc., observed in definite regions of the earth, scientists have concluded that there must have been a universal "stone age," in which mankind made all their implements of stone, and had no knowledge of the extraction and working of metals. Later on, as they claim, there was a "copper age," then a "bronze age," and, finally, the "iron age," which preceded the beginning of a "higher civilization." Of course, the implication is that we have, in these apparent "stages" of development, some warrant for the supposition that, at a definite epoch in his history, man first became a tool-using animal, and that, previously, he had been devoid of all ability to construct even the simplest weapons or implements.

While there is no respectable evidence that any civilized people known to history was developed from crude and barbarous tribes having no knowledge of metal working, there is much to be said for the contention that the "stone-age" men of Europe, the Nile valley, etc., represented isolated tribes, precisely like the American aborigines—these latter continued the use of stone weapons and implements to the time of the discovery of America, although their contemporaries in Mexico and Central and South America had considerable metallurgical knowledge—who had lost, or who had failed to develop the metal-working arts. The remains of some such tribes were found in the excavation of the ancient city of Troy, in deposits of soil above the level of the Homeric conflict. Such facts serve as good partial offsets to the conclusions of evolution advocates.

Although deficient in special knowledge of several branches, the men of the so-called "stone age" were not, evidently, of low and brutal types, as commonly supposed. In spite of the occasional discovery of a low-browed or heavy-jawed skull, strongly suggesting low mentality or brutish approximations in some one or other, unknown, who is dead, these ancients, if we are to judge them by their works, must be credited with an intelligence and capacity that are distinctly human. Although, through ignorance of many facts, since, or elsewhere, widely mastered, they could not produce the material effects easy to peoples having the knowledge of working metals, their productions are most creditable, considering their limitations. A man who has the skill to flake a flint to a cutting edge or to haft a stone ax or club, could certainly master the rudiments, at any rate, of metal working, should he have the opportunity to learn them. The fact that they did not, apparently, understand metallurgy, or, at any rate, did not use such knowledge, if possessed, to any visible extent, argues that they were ignorant of this science, just as our predecessors of a hundred years ago knew nothing of telegraphs, telephones, gas engines or aeroplanes, and, in no sense whatever, that they were imbeciles or semi-apes. Thus, as if to controvert the pseudo-scientific teachings of too many writers, we find that, in spite of limitations of any varieties, some of these people, at least, possessed a high degree of artistic ability. They have left, carved on bone or ivory, or painted, or modeled in clay, on the walls of their caves, representations of some of the wild animals living in their times. These drawings, paintings or models, although "crude" or "unfinished," as judged by the standards of artistic perfection, show, in general, a distinct ability to note and reproduce the outlines and physical details of the creatures depicted. Thus, their elephants—mammoths, etc.—are recognizable, not only because possessed of trunk and tusks, but also in the contours and anatomical proportions that are, in very many cases, amply

sufficient to identify the particular species from others in the same natural group. As "sketches" they are distinctly meritorious. To claim, therefore, that the people capable of such performances were of "low mentality"—somewhat more "bestial" than our own contemporaries—is both unwarranted and absurd. They certainly possessed good powers of observation—they saw correctly—and sufficient co-ordination of brain and hand to express the ideas present in their thought. Such capability is positively immensely above every known faculty possessed by brutes, and is distinctly characteristic of a well-developed human intelligence. Yet these people were, as supposed, very close in time to the earliest humans, of whom we have evidence. Of those of whom we have no evidence and no remains, we cannot, of course, speak.

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### Singers of the Little Songs

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Some there are whom God hath chosen  
 Great of soul, whose songs sublime  
 'Waken in each heart the measures  
 Of a melody divine.

Yet, the Lord gave other singers  
 Who the little songs may croon:  
 The hopeful sower in the dawning;  
 The reaper in the field at noon;  
 The mother bending o'er a cradle;  
 The little lad and maid at play;  
 The multitude of busy toilers  
 Plodding through each day.

Though you may not wear the laurel,  
 May not seek a crown of bay,  
 Like a thrush hid in a thicket,  
 You may sing beside the way:  
 Sing of bravery, sing of courage,  
 As the meadow-lark, of joy,  
 And those who faint shall pass on strengthened,  
 Though no art you may employ.

Then voice thy little song with rapture,  
 To you it will contentment bring—  
 Jehovah hears the Earth's great pean  
 And he harks the stave you sing.

MAUD BAGGARLEY.

## Harvest Time in Peace and War

Once more October lays her magic hand,  
As though in benediction, on the waiting land;  
Once more the sound of harvesters afield,  
Gathering the bounties of the summer's yield,  
Proclaims the autumn here.

Once more, from grateful hearts, the peans raise  
For bounteous harvest crowning waiting days;  
Plenty is ours, and all its blessings come  
To make life happy, in each pleasant home;  
Thank God that Peace is ours.

But O, from 'cross the seas we catch the sound  
Of other harvest—that of War—renowned  
For making beasts of men; of women, slaves;  
Orphans of children; land of untimely graves;  
Ruin and devastation out of all.

Where grain should grow are trenches, carnage filled;  
Where pure love flourished, faith and virtue killed;  
Where flowers once bloomed, by fearsome stench we ken  
The woeful havoc wrought by war-mad men,  
Zealously obeying War's demands.

We stand in awe of such a gruesome sight;  
We pity those whose day has changed to night;  
And, from our peaceful firesides, pray that God  
May bring from out this war-made chaos, good—  
A world-wide covenant of peace.

Was it in vain that Jesus lived and died?  
Is "Prince of Peace" a name but to deride?  
"Love for our fellow men," but empty words?  
Shall implements of peace be changed to swords?  
Almighty God, forbid!

God of the nations, Thou art waiting yet,  
'Though in their madness men Thy name forget,  
Waiting, thro' this fierce travail, for the birth  
Of world-wide peace to reign o'er all the earth,  
So out of evil shall the good be born!

EFFIE STEWART DART.

## Speck's Faith

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BY H. R. MERRILL

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Speck Jones shoved his hands deep down into his pockets and a wistful look came into his light-blue eyes as he watched the "crack" Wyoming ball team, in their new, blue suits, pass into the ball park. Speck was an ardent lover of the national game, and knew it from Ty Cobb to Christy Mathewson; but Speck was "broke" as usual. He was too honest to sneak in, as some of his less scrupulous playmates had done; nevertheless, Speck was hoping with all his heart that some good fairy would invite him to enter the Elysian Fields where the gods and heroes of baseball would know nothing but pleasure.

After the Wyoming boys had passed in, Speck's face lost some of the joy that the sight of the new blue suits had lent it for a moment. His hands sank deeper into his pockets as his eyes roved along the high board fence and finally paused where he had seen the last of his companions disappear through an aperture made by the removal of a loose board just behind the grandstand. The temptation was strong. His companions were all in his own Sunday school class. They had gone in and were evidently safe; then why shouldn't he? At that critical moment just one thing held Speck. He couldn't help but wonder what his Sunday school teacher would say.

His Sunday school teacher was a sort of supreme being to Speck. He was a tall, sinewy fellow who loved the entire human race just because he couldn't help but love them; and so in loving the human race he had loved Speck, and had taken a special interest in teaching the little chap many things that are good for boys to know. He had taught the boy that honor and honesty are above price. He had not done this in a preachy, Sunday-school fashion; but in a plain, boyish, heart-to-heart way—a way, in fact, that held the little worshipper sorrowfully at the gate while all his companions were cheering the cowboys, as the Wyoming team was called, as they ran out on to the diamond and began passing the ball around in a marvelous manner.

Besides all of these things there was just one other attribute that the Sunday school teacher possessed that raised him above mere mortal clay in the boy's eyes. The teacher was a baseball pitcher of no mean ability. Speck had watched him upon many occasions bring defeat to his opponents. That was one of the reasons, too, why Speck was down-hearted. His teacher was to

pitch the game against those brilliant cowboys. He just couldn't keep the lump out of his throat no matter how hard he tried, as he stood there by the entrance to the park and watched the eager fans pass through the wonderful gate. When some boy chum would pass with his father and would call out: "Why don't you come in, Speck?" Speck would smile, but invariably he would have to swallow before he could make a sturdy and careless reply.

At last the home team came. As they marched along carrying their baseball outfit, Speck thought that even soldiers could not compare with them. They were laughing and chatting as they came along just as if a great battle were not soon to break over them. Speck's heart beat just a little faster as he saw his teacher approaching, and when the tall young fellow glanced over in his direction and called out in a cheery voice: "Hello, Danny, couldn't miss the game, eh?" Speck just couldn't speak for joy until the team had vanished behind the entrance gate.

Speck stood for a moment watching the frowning gate that smiled its broadest smile upon all who had a quarter; and boy though he was, he learned one valuable lesson. His lips set and his jaw protruded a little as he turned away. A great determination was manifest in his face. He crossed the side-walk and was about to dart in among the waiting vehicles when he was stopped by a hearty voice: "Hey, Speck, where are you going?"

Speck turned, and to his delight saw that it was the captain of the home team who was speaking to him.

"I was just going home," he answered.

"What for?"

"To see if mother would lend me a quarter for this game."

"Why borrow it? Wouldn't she give you one?"

"I wouldn't take it. Mr. Reid said that boys shouldn't ask their parents for quarters just to go to ball games, especially when their parents were poor."

The captain smiled a broad, slow smile.

"Would you like to see the game?"

"You bet I would."

"Then come along. I was just looking for a lad about your size to attend to the bats, when I saw you."

"It wasn't necessary to extend the invitation twice. Speck followed close at the captain's heels as they threaded their way through the crowd to the home bench where the local men were awaiting their turn to warm up on the diamond. The captain placed the bats where they would be handy for his players.

"Now, Speck, your job will be to keep these bats here. Whenever a man gets through batting, you grab his bat and place it here where he can find it when he wants to use it again and where it will be out of the way of the players."

"All right," Speck answered in a subdued voice.

He felt that in one moment he had had placed upon his shoulders more responsibility than had the President of the United States.

All during the close and exciting struggle he guarded those bats as if each were made of pure gold. He could scarcely watch the success of his batters, so intent was he upon keeping his trust to the fullest extent. When one of the home team connected with the ball for a long drive, his face would fairly gleam with delight; or when one of them fanned the wind no batter could feel more chagrined and sorrowful than did the little guard.

He watched the prowess of his beloved pitcher all through the long game. Although several times the cowboys took the lead, there was one heart that never wavered; at least one person's faith that never shook. He was certain that when the final score was counted that his teacher would be the hero of the game. When, however, in the ninth inning the locals stood but one tally in the lead, and there were crowded bases with no one out, even *his* face fell. The visiting team stirred up all the excitement they possibly could in order that they might excite the pitcher, who stood out in the center of the field, the one man upon whom the game depended.

Speck sat quietly on his bats, watching with eagle eye the deliberate and easy movement of his idol. The smile had vanished from the little fellow's face and in its place was a half anxious look. His little heart kept hammering away, however, its every beat a real but invisible support to the man who must keep cool. When the batter caught a fast one on the end of his club and sent it whistling out over the first baseman's head, and when the base-runners came flying over the home plate, the little fellow half rose from his bats, his face pale—then he saw that his pitcher was smiling and unconcerned still. The umpire shouted, "Foul!" The base-runners crept back to their places, and the batsman returned dejectedly to his position in the batter's box.

Speck settled back on his bats with a sigh of relief as he watched the pitcher place the ball in his hand with unusual care; then he saw the long, sinewy frame bend back and whip forward like a catapult. The ball struck the catcher's mit with a loud whack as the umpire shouted, "Strike two."

The lad leaped to his feet and in his childish voice shouted, "Now you cowboys, hit 'em!"

A laugh greeted the lad's outburst.

"That's right, Speck, light in to 'em," the captain called as the umpire shouted, "Strike three, and the batter's out."

The batter took his seat bewailing the fact that his long hit was a foul. He was followed by two others in rapid succession. The side was retired without having made a tally. The game was won.

A cheer burst from the enthusiastic crowd, for the pitcher's ability to extricate himself from a very trying position had made him the hero of the day.

Speck gathered up the bats and turned them over to the captain.

"There they are, sir," he said, "I tried to do the best I could."

"You did well, my boy, the captain answered as he turned to the Wyoming boys who had come up and were congratulating him and his team upon their thrilling victory.

All shook hands enthusiastically with the long, lean pitcher who smiled quietly at their effusions. While the others were rolling cigarettes he stood idly by waiting for his companions to get ready to leave. Unnoticed by the crowd, Speck hung near, anxious to look unmolested upon his hero's face.

When all were ready to leave, the captain of the Wyoming team called out to the local team, "Now, boys, the treat's on us. Come over to the saloon and we'll set 'em up. That was the best and most level-headed box work that I ever saw."

When they reached the side-walk, the local pitcher turned quietly away from the crowd of men who were making for an enticing saloon on the opposite side of the street. When the Wyoming boys noticed his action they stopped and called to him.

"Where are you going? Come, let's go over here and have a drink before we go to the hotel."

"Why, I never drink," the young man answered.

"Never drink? Come on, this once. You played a great game and we want to show our appreciation."

Speck stood by unnoticed. He saw that his teacher was in another trying position. What would his teacher do? The expression on his face was very similar to the one that was on it during that ninth trying inning. Though the boy was troubled and puzzled somewhat, his little heart still beat true—still kept pounding out softly, "Whatever my teacher does will be right." He waited anxiously for his teacher's next words. Words that meant so much to at least two individuals.

"Thank you, sir," the pitcher answered as he swung his favorite bat over his shoulder, "I never drink. Good luck to you, anyway."

"I am sorry," was all the Wyoming man said as he turned to join his companions.

As his teacher turned away and started up the street alone, the anxious lad with light heart and a beaming face sped in the opposite direction to his home. Bursting into the room where his mother was at work, he cried with a breaking voice and tear-wet eyes, "I knew he wouldn't do it; I just knew he wouldn't do it!"

"Do what?" the astonished mother asked.



"They asked my Sunday school teacher to take a drink with them, and he wouldn't—I knew he wouldn't do it!"

He threw his arms around his mother's neck in his ecstasy and as she pressed the working, freckled face to her mother's bosom she fervently thanked God that he had given her boy a teacher who had been true to his trust; for she felt that that one deed would root deep in the tender soul and would be as a tower of strength in time of need.

PRESTON, IDAHO

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## The Choice

One thirsted to be great, to sup with Fame,  
To hold within her hand the torch aflame,  
That lights the world with its potential ray,  
And gleams along the gods' immortal way.

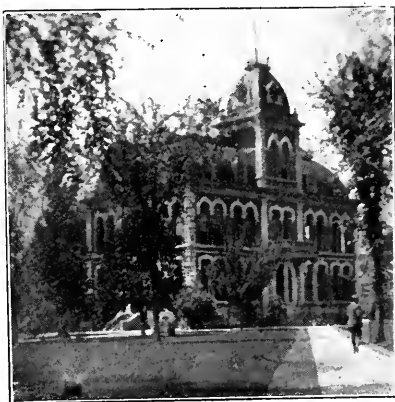
One longed for love, and but for love to serve,  
For fortitude that she might never swerve  
From her high task, but ever true remain  
Unto the joy so near akin to pain.

The years, in turn, sped on to form the past;  
Each suppliant steadfast stood unto the last,  
Soul-scarred with wounds that are but ever won  
By work achieved, by labor nobly done.

Yet, on the face of one, a shadow lay,  
As oft there flits athwart the summer day  
A tiny cloud that hides away the shine  
Of heaven's blue from us a little time.

But she who longed for love and all love brings,  
Who gathered of her sweet through smart of stings,  
Turned homeward with a countenance serene,  
And step majestic of a conquering queen.

GRACE INGLES FROST.



# Traveling Over Forgotten Trails

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BY HON. ANTHONY W. IVINS

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The Pioneer Trail, from the Wyoming border to the Salt Lake Valley, will never be forgotten. Each year people travel it, and say, "Over this trail passed the men who laid the foundation of a western empire. Here they struggled up the mountain; here, crossed the stream; here they cut away the trees and removed the rocks to make possible passage through the canyon, and on this spot they established camp after a weary day's journey."

Other trails, trodden by the feet of men and women as devoted as those who first entered the Salt Lake Valley, are forgotten. No monuments will ever be built to mark their course. The trails are obliterated. The men who made them have passed away. Lest the children forget the sacrifices of the fathers, come and travel with me over some of these forgotten trails.

Since the events here chronicled took place, more than fifty years ago, conditions, social, religious, political and industrial, have so changed that if met by the younger generation of today, they would be scarcely recognizable. Journeys made by mule and ox trains, which required months to accomplish, are now made in a day. The conveniences and comforts of home-life were meager, compared with the present. Communication between settlements was difficult and slow, agricultural, industrial and commercial pursuits were prosecuted under the most disadvantageous circumstances; and, worst of all, the pioneers who blazed the way and established outlying settlements were constantly exposed to the danger of attack by roving bands of Indians who opposed the invasion of their country by white men.

Eternal vigilance was the price of safety, constant industry and rigid economy the price of substance.

In the fall of 1861, the writer passed his ninth birthday. He resided, at the time, with his parents, in the Fifteenth Ward, Salt Lake City. On the same block lived John M. Moody and family, consisting of his wife, Margaret, and her children, Robert, Samuel, William and Mary, the three first being the sons of a former husband whose name was McIntire. They had identified themselves with the Church in Texas; and, like many others, had gathered to Utah to participate in its activities, and share its destinies.

James M. Whitmore and family were also Texas people who had gathered with the Church, and were friends and neighbors of the Moodys. They were people of refinement, and had brought

with them to the Valley property which, by comparison at that time, entitled them to be regarded as possessed of wealth.

One afternoon in October, 1861, the writer was at the home of John M. Moody, playing with other children, when a messenger came with the announcement that the Moody family had been called by the presiding authorities of the Church, to go to Dixie to raise cotton and develop the resources of that part of the territory. Frightened by the thought of such a move, he ran through the block to the home of his parents, and bursting into the house exclaimed to his mother and sister, who were in the room,

"Brother Moody is called to go to Dixie."

"So are we," said his sister, between sobs.

His mother said nothing, but tears filled her eyes as she thought of leaving a good home and comfortable surroundings, and of facing the hardships and dangers of frontier life, in the barren country known as Utah's Dixie.

Several hundred families had been so called to go upon this mission. It was the manner in which the affairs of the Church were conducted, at that time—one of the forgotten trails.

Some offered excuses. Some were too poor to go, some were too rich. Some would, send substitutes, but the great majority, with that devotion which has characterized the members of the Church from the beginning, silently but resolutely made preparations for the accomplishment of the task assigned them.

Valuable homes were disposed of for but a small part of their real value. Farms were exchanged for teams or live stock which could be driven through to their destination; and the late fall and early winter of 1861 found hundreds of teams on the rough and dreary road to the South, among them the families of John M. Moody and James M. Whitmore.

The road from Salt Lake to the Rio Virgin passed through the country of the Ute, or Utah Indians, a powerful tribe whose territory was bounded on the north by the Shoshones and Cheyennes; on the east by the Cheyennes, Arrapahos and Comanches; the west by the Pah-utes, who occupied a strip of country lying



TSE-NAH-GAHT, (THE MOUNTAIN SHEEP)

The young Pah-ute who refused to surrender to Federal Officers when accused of killing a Mexican Sheep Herder, and whose resistance almost resulted in an Indian war in San Juan county.

between the Rio Virgin, Santa Clara, and Colorado rivers, extending as far east as the San Juan, and separating the Utes proper from the Navajos, Apaches, and Moquis, on the south.

While Wah-ker, Arapeen, Black Hawk and Kanosh were recognized, each in his time, as chief of the Utes, the Pah-utes, in the south, were broken up into fragmentary bands, each with its own chief, but recognizing no general leadership. The Moapas, occupying the Muddy Valley and lower Rio Virgin, were led by To-sho; the Tonaquint and Pa-rusche Indians, on the Santa Clara and Upper Virgin, by Tut-se-gavit; the Kai-bab (Mountain



A NAVAJO INDIAN AND HIS PAH-UTE WIFE

This photograph disposes of the oft repeated statement that other tribes never intermarry with the Pah-utes

That Lies Down) Indians, by the father of Kanab Frank, whose name the writer has forgotten, while a branch of this same tribe, which extended to the San Juan river, and across the Colorado to the borders of the Navajos, was led by the renegade Ute Pah-nish, a bad man, who was responsible for a great part of the trouble which later developed between the settlers of Southern Utah and the Navajos and their Pah-ute neighbors.

In an article published by one of the Salt Lake dailies at the time of the recent uprising of the Indians in San Juan County, which resulted from the attempt to arrest Tse-nah-gaht (The Mountain Sheep), who was accused of the murder of a Mexican, it was stated that the word Pah-ute meant renegade, and that it

had been applied to the tribe occupying the country between the Utes and Navajos, because of their bad character. The Indians themselves say this is not the case. All they know is that it is the name by which they have always been known, and is applied to all of their people. Pah, in the Indian language, is water, and is frequently used by them in the names applied to places and things, for example: Pah-ra-gon, the Indian word for Parowan, means a lake or long body of shallow water, the Little Salt Lake. We have Anglicised it, and call it Parowan, while we apply the Indian word, Pah-ra-gon, to Paragoona which, in the Indian tongue, is Un-coppa, or Red—Red Creek; Pah-rusche, Water That Tastes of Salt, (the Rio Virgin); Pah-reah, Elk Water; Pah-rah-shont, Much Water; Pah-coon, Water Which Keeps Boiling Up. Following this rule, Pah-ute would be Water Ute, or the Utes living along the rivers which constituted the southern boundaries of the tribe.



A TYPICAL NAVAJO WARRIOR

These Pah-utes intermarried with the tribes adjacent to them until they became a kind of mongrel race, recognized neither by the Utes on the north, or the Navajos and Apaches on the south. They were greatly inferior to their neighbors in intelligence, as the photographs here reproduced will show. Tse-nah-gaht (The Mountain Sheep) is a typical Pah-ute, as is the Pah-ute woman shown with her Navajo husband. Note the difference between the intellectuality of these faces and that of the Navajo husband, and the other here shown. The man and wife disposes of the oft repeated statement that other tribes will not intermarry with the Pah-utes.

Note the difference in the intellectuality of his face and that of the Pah-ute woman, or Tse-nah-ghat (The Mountain Sheep)

The trail of the Dixie pioneers passed, as stated, through the country of the Utes, and into the country of the Pah-utes. While peaceful relations existed between the whites and Indians at this

time, the latter were jealous and suspicious, and it was only by careful diplomacy, and following the wise course outlined by Brigham Young, that it was cheaper to feed than to fight them, that peaceful relations were maintained.

The Whitmore and Moody families, with others, located at St. George, and immediately applied their means and energy to the development of the resources of the country.

In order to provide grazing facilities for his herds of cattle, bands of horses and flocks of sheep, which were noted for their excellent quality, James M. Whitmore located and improved the Pipe Springs ranch, which lies about fifty-five miles east from St. George, and twenty miles west from Kanab. At this ranch, Whitmore passed a portion of his time, and had employed Robert McIntire to assist him in caring for his flocks and herds.

One evening, about the 10th of January, 1866, the people of St. George were gathered at the Social Hall, where a party was to be given. The Whitmore and Moody families were there, with the exception of the head of the former and Robert McIntire, who were at the ranch. The cotillions had been formed, the musicians were tuning their instruments, the people were in a happy mood, when they were unexpectedly called to order. What had occurred to mar the pleasure of the occasion? The writer well remembers the death-like silence which ensued, the suppressed excitement, and deep apprehension manifested by the merry-makers. The manager announced that a messenger had just arrived with despatches stating that a traveler, passing Pipe Springs, had observed that there was no one at the ranch house,



JAMES M. WHITMORE

Killed at Pipe Springs, Arizona, by Pah-ute and Navajo Indians, on the 8th of January, 1866

and that signs indicating the recent presence of Indians were plainly visible.

A call was made for men, armed and equipped, to start at once for Pipe Springs. Silently, hurriedly, the people went to their homes. The remainder of the night was spent in preparation, and the following morning a company of sixty men, a part of the local militia, was ready to start on one of the most trying expeditions ever undertaken by men. They were armed and mounted, that was indispensable, but there were no shelter-tents. The equipment was primitive and inadequate, the commissary scanty. At least one man now living, at the time a mere boy, was mounted on a mule without a saddle, and had no coat. With a few quilts which served as saddle, cloak and bed, in his shirt sleeves, he did a soldier's full duty on the trying campaign.



THE PIPE SPRINGS RANCH AS IT APPEARS TODAY

After the killing of James M. Whitmore and Robert McIntire, as related in this article, a strong stone building was erected there by order of Brigham Young, which was called Winsor Castle.

As stated, the expedition was made up of a part of the local militia, and was commanded by Colonel Daniel D. McArthur, Lieutenant Colonel Angus M. Cannon, Major John D. L. Pierce, and Captains James Andrus and David H. Cannon. Of these men David H. Cannon is the only survivor.

The weather was intensely cold. Snow had fallen, and on the high plateau, at Pipe Springs, it was three feet deep, with the mercury below zero. When Pipe Springs was reached; no trace

could be found of either the ranchers or Indians. Tracks and signs which ordinarily guide the scout were obliterated by the heavy fall of snow. Finally, after several days of scouting, James Andrus found two Indians, an elderly man and a boy, engaged in dressing a beef which they had killed, and brought them to camp. They refused to talk until the following morning, when they admitted that Whitmore and McIntire had been shot by Navajo and Pah-ute Indians, and offered to conduct the soldiers to the place where the bodies were, and to the camp of the hostiles.

Dividing into two companies, one under command of Colonel McArthur, and the other under command of Captain Andrus, the troops left camp, the older Indian leading Colonel McArthur out on the plain, east of Pipe Springs, the boy leading Captain Andrus in a southerly direction to the vicinity of the Kanab Gulch. Captain Andrus encountered the hostiles in their camp, and nine Indians were killed. While the cavalry rode over the plain, searching for the murdered men, a horse's hoof brushed away the snow exposing the hand of a man. It was the body of Whitmore!

"Is it the man with a beard, or the one without," asked the Indian.

"The one with a beard," was the answer.

The Indian walked some distance and, pointing, said,

"The other is there."

The snow was removed, and the body of McIntire found, as stated. Each man had been shot with both bullets and arrows, the body of McIntire having received many wounds, the Indian said, because he had carried a pistol, and had fought desperately for his life.

The remains of the two men were packed in snow and taken to St. George, where impressive funeral services were held.

The details of the tragedy were never known. The Indians admitted that they had attacked the men while they were riding on the range, and had killed them after a short fight. A large number of horses and sheep were driven off by the Navajos, the Pah-utes retaining the personal effects of the murdered men. It was the first depredation in the Dixie country in which white men lost their lives, but they were not the last victims of the long war waged by the Navajos and Pah-utes against the white settlers of southern Utah.

James M. Whitmore was the father of Hon. George C. Whitmore of Nephi, James M. Whitmore of Price, and Brigham Whitmore of Davis county; and Robert McIntire was the elder brother of our fellow townsmen Samuel and William McIntire.



## The Lights Go Out

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The close of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, in San Francisco, on December 4, was characterized by a splendid program. It appears that 459,022 people attended during the last day ending midnight, December 4, and that during the season in which the exposition was open, namely, 288 days, a little over 65,000 people on an average attended the exposition daily, making a grand total of 18,876,438. A beautiful brochure was issued by the management commemorating the close of the exposition, entitled, "The Lights Go Out; the Last Day and Night." In it is found the following beautiful poem by George Sterling, entitled,

### THE BUILDERS

The Year grows old, but Progress has no age;  
Her flags go forward to increasing light;  
Behind her lies the night;

It is a ceaseless war her soldiers wage,  
And on her great and ever-widening sky,  
"Onward!" is still the truceless battle-cry.

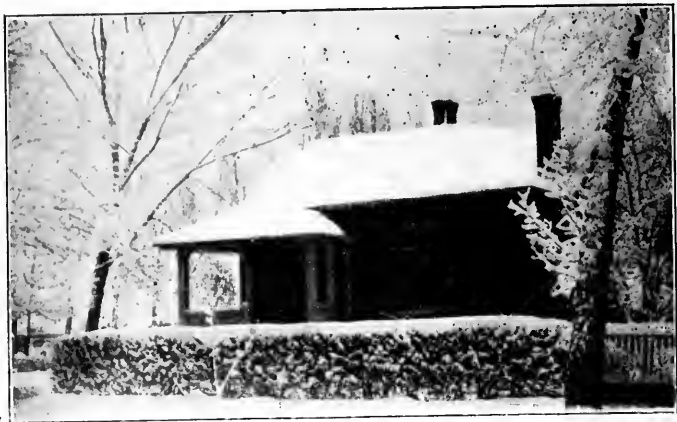
The Future is our kingdom, and although  
Our hands unbuild the city they have built,  
Yet here no blood is spilt,  
Nor swords uplifted for a nation's woe,  
And though the columns and the temples pass,  
Let none regret; let no man cry "Alas!"

We do but cross a threshold into day.  
Beauty we leave behind,  
A deeper beauty on our path to find  
And higher glories to illumine the way.  
The door we close behind us is the Past;  
Our sons shall find a fairer door at last.

A world reborn awaits us. Years to come  
Shall know its grace and good,  
When wars shall end in endless brotherhood,  
And birds shall build in cannon long since dumb.  
Men shall have peace, though then no man may know  
Who built this sunset city long ago.

Wherefore, be glad! Sublimar walls shall rise,  
Which these do but foretell.  
Be glad indeed! for we have builded well,  
And set a star upon our western skies  
Whose fire shall glisten on a land made free,  
Till all that land be bright from sea to sea!

—GEORGE STERLING



### Winter Evening at Home

Who has not seen that wholesome grin that steals o'er Daddy's face, on settling down some winter night before the fire-place? His shoes aside, his slippers on, with lounging jacket, too, for relaxation he's prepared, the evening through and through. The office whirl forsaken is, contentment fills his eye, as in the great chair he reclines and draws the "kiddies" nigh. "Well, Ross," says he, "how are you, son? you love your Daddy true? and here is baby, angel dear, with eyes of deepest blue; and here is Maggie, dandy girl, this morn you frowned at me, and would not give the good-bye kiss, nor sit upon my knee; but now I see you're glad again and think your Dad all right. How Daddy loves his darling "kids" on this cold winter night! Let's put some more coal on the fire; Ted, you please bring it here, while I take baby on my lap and whisper in her ear; and then we'll have a big, bright fire for Mama when she's through, out in the kitchen, with the work, and comes to join us, too; and bring along your sister Ruth, who in her kitchen blouse

has helped to do the supper work and tidy up the house. Oh, dear, sweet Mama, without you, the scene how incomplete! We'll fix the cushions for her in the cozy leather seat, where she can lie and watch the flames as up and down they play, and rest her tired feet and brain—throw off the cares of day. Good! Here she comes; we're ready now, once more we're all together; our pleasure made the greater still, because of blustering weather. Thus, circling close together, with the fire-light all aglow, and the mantel clock a-ticking, and the sound of drifting snow, Papa talks to anxious listeners 'bout the things he's heard up town—how a street-car struck an auto and a robber was run down; and all the "kiddies" listen, with a sort of fright or shock, when Mama shifts the subject to the style of Helen's frock; and how that, just as she had planned a big day's work to do, Aunt Sarah came to make a call, and stayed an hour or two. "Yet still," says she, "I got lots done, although there seems no end to all the things that one must fix and make and patch and mend; but 'spite of this, how grand it is that we are safe and well, and have this cheerful little home in which we snugly dwell; where all is love, where all is peace, where nights and days are warm, and where we're blessed with food and clothes, and sheltered from the storm." Then Papa amens all of this, and says, "The Lord is kind; it is the duty of us all his word and will to mind." The good-night-stories two times told, the evening prayers all said, reluctant glances here and there, the small tots hie to bed. The larger ones their lessons get, in French and fractions hard, while Papa reads to Mama from the volume of some bard.

WALDO

FOREST DALE, UTAH

## Editors' Table

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### On the Use of Tobacco

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A correspondent in Provo desires to know and enquires in writing of President Smith, concerning ordination to the holy Priesthood of persons who are addicted to the use of drink, and tobacco, and who profane the name of Deity. "I contend," says the correspondent, "that we never can be perfect so long as we place the stamp of approval on such conduct and recommend such characters as being worthy of the Priesthood. What can we expect of the young boys with such examples before them all the time? Am I right or am I wrong? I positively object to anyone sitting down in my house smoking. It is all I can do to stand the smell of their clothes. For this stand which I have taken, I am severely condemned by many of my friends. I am called a crank or a fool. I have much charity for non-members of our Church who haven't been taught better, but very little for Church members who indulge in such habits. I heard President George H. Brimhall, in devotional exercises at the Brigham Young University, quote you as saying that you did not allow any such thing in your homes, and that you did not want the Church members who use tobacco, and have been taught differently all their lives, to ever recognize you on the street. I have used this statement many times in my own defense, but I cannot make people believe you ever made such a statement. With respect to these things, am I right or am I wrong? \* \* \* \* \* Hoping you will reply at once, I remain, very respectfully—C. ELMO CLUFF."

Answering this request, President Joseph F. Smith used the following strong language in a letter which the ERA is permitted to quote, which ought to set at rest any doubts as to his stand upon the subject. His statement is worthy of being read to the Priesthood in every part of the Church:

"Your views, as expressed in your letter, are entirely in accord with my own views, with reference to the use of, and the users of, tobacco. What Brother Brimhall has said regarding my remarks on that question, I believe to be entirely correct.

"Young men or middle-aged men who have had experience in the Church should not be ordained to the Priesthood nor recommended to the privileges of the House of the Lord, unless they will abstain from the use of tobacco and intoxicating drinks. This is the rule of the Church, and should be observed by all its members. I would not, without positive objection, suffer any

person to smoke tobacco in my homes. I have always made it a practice not to recognize or bow respectfully to cigars or stinking pipes in the mouths of men, when I meet them on the street or elsewhere; it is sufficiently humiliating to me to see men, supposed to be intelligent beings, addicted to the filthy habit of smoking cigars, cigarettes or pipes with tobacco in them.

"Any person claiming a membership in the Church who will persist in the practice of profaning the name of Deity ought to be dealt with for his membership in the Church. No such person has any right to be endowed with authority in the Priesthood, nor to receive the blessings of the House of the Lord.

"If this is not sufficiently strong to convince your friends that I am averse to these contemptible practices, you can let me know and I will try to emphasize it still more.

"Yours very respectfully,

"JOSEPH F. SMITH."

## No More Cigarette Advertisements

The Curtis Publishing Co., of Independence Square, Philadelphia, one of the largest publishing houses in the United States, and the publishers of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, the *Saturday Evening Post* and the *Country Gentleman*,—and, by-the-by, these magazines have a circulation of about eight thousand in Salt Lake City,—have recently sent a letter to Dr. John H. Taylor, M. I. A.: Scout Commissioner, which we take pleasure in reproducing, as follows:

"DEAR SIRS With the exception of a few advertisements heretofore accepted, and which we are under obligations to print, no cigarette advertisements will hereafter appear in any of our publications.

"Not only will we exclude cigarette advertisements, but after January 1, 1916, except in one advertisement previously contracted for, all reference to cigarette uses will be excluded from tobacco advertisements in our publications.

"In spite of the fact that this policy will result in a reduction of several hundred thousand dollars in our annual advertising receipts, we believe we have taken the right course in this matter.

"For the reason that several men connected with your organization have made inquiries about our advertising policy, we believe that you, too, may be interested in this announcement.

"Yours very truly,

"THE CURTIS PUBLISHING CO.

"M. E. DOUGLAS,

"Mgr. Sales Division."

We take great pleasure in making public this announcement, and we only wish that the Curtis Publishing Company could have seen their way clear to exclude all tobacco advertisements from

their publications, as they have done the cigarette. We can only add that we wish all the publications of the states of Utah and Idaho, and, in fact, of all the states, would follow the good example of the Curtis Publishing Co. Not only the publications, but we wish the dealers, particularly those who are members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints whose principles are against the use of tobacco, would be as self-sacrificing as the Curtis Publishing Company; and, notwithstanding it might result in the loss to them of a few hundred thousand dollars, more or less, in their annual incomes, that they would be still willing to stand for principle, and make an announcement stating that hereafter no tobacco of any kind will be sold by them. The old objection: "If we don't sell it, somebody else will, and we will lose the money," is illegitimate and a miserable subterfuge. It savors of the "hog-itch for money."

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### Thoughts in Brief

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One does not often envy millionaires—the galling of their golden chains is too evident in their faces—but one recent exception stands out. Three days before Christmas the Pittsburgh Bank for Savings was closed by the state officials, and among its depositors were over 41,000 school children who had about four dollars apiece to their credit. The bank had had an arrangement with the Board of Education by which collectors visited the schools every week and got the children's pennies. When the bank closed, all the children had for their pains was the chance of a 50 per cent dividend some two months later. But Henry C. Frick came forward that same day and said briefly that the kids were to have all their money at once. So the storm passed by for those young depositors, and their faith in men was justified. Mr. Frick has a stately and expansive house on Fifth Avenue filled with works of art from many lands, but we doubt if there is anything in it more cheering to the soul than the memory of that abrupt kindness. Sometimes it pays to be a millionaire!—*Colliers*.

Resolve to cultivate a cheerful spirit, a smiling countenance and a soothing voice. The sweet smile, the subdued speech, the hopeful mind, are earth's most potent conquerors, and he who cultivates them becomes a very master among men.—ELBERT HUBBARD.

"The world reserves its big prizes for but one thing, and that is Initiative. Initiative is doing the right thing without being

told. Next to doing the thing without being told, is to do it when you are told ONCE.—ELBERT HUBBARD.

"I do not doubt that interiors have their interiors—and exteriors have their exteriors, and that the eyesight has another eyesight, and the hearing another hearing, and the voice another voice."—WALT WHITMAN.

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## Stories Wanted

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There were nineteen stories submitted to the editors of the ERA for the January 5 contest. These are being read, and three out of the lot are being selected by competent judges, for which the ERA will pay \$25 for the best, \$12.50 for the second best, and \$5 for the third best. We wish stories for five more contests—February 5, March 5, April 5, May 5, and June 5. The prices paid are the same as for January. Send in your stories.

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## Messages from the Missions

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### Visit after Thirteen Years

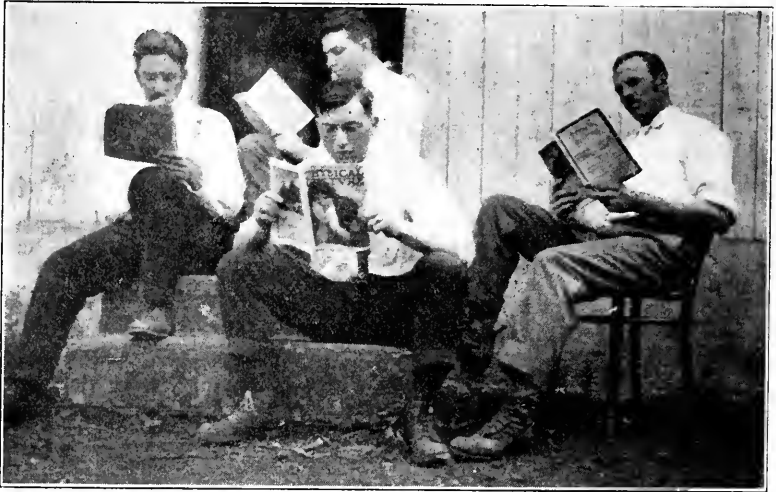
Elders Avard Washburn and James Baron, Chattanooga, Tenn., November 10, write expressing their thanks to the Lord for the



wonderful progress experienced in the East Tennessee conference: "Several baptisms were reported last month. The elders recently returned from a ten days' trip through James, Meigs and Loudon counties, being the first elders to visit that part of the country for over thirteen years. To some extent the old spirit of prejudice exists, but the people are rapidly laying it aside. We distributed a goodly number of tracts and held a number of meetings. Several people expressed surprise at the plainness and simplicity of the gospel as taught by the Latter-day Saints. We relied on the hospitality of the people for our daily necessities, and with few exceptions were kindly cared for and treated with respect."

### Why They Read the "Era"

Elder J. Garfield Bastow, president of the Savaii conference, Samoa, writes under date of July 20, 1915: "As elders we certainly appreciate the ERA, and derive much benefit from reading the good instructions therein. Nearly all of the few white traders here read the ERA, and they say they enjoy reading it because it is a good, clean magazine. The people here take religion lightly. Just at present they



seem to worry a little more because of a famine. Their crop was destroyed by storm and worms. Truly the words of Jesus are coming to pass, that there shall be wars, famines and tribulations. The picture is of the elders reading the mail from home." Elders, left to right: H. A. Dean, Redmesa, Col.; C. M. Farrin (at back), Salt Lake City; W. M. Mason, Riverton; J. G. Bastow, Logan, Utah.

### Conference Gave New Impetus

Howard McDonald, president of the West Pennsylvania conferences, writes that the Saints and elders held a conference in Pittsburg, November 21: "Many were in attendance. Three sessions were held, every meeting being characterized by the spirit of love and harmony prevalent on such occasions. In such gatherings we feel as the poet wrote:

"Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it,  
We are happy now because God so wills it."

"President Walter P. Monson gave some excellent counsel, and the elders have returned to their fields with new energy for work in the gospel cause. Considerable persecution is experienced here, but through the faithful efforts of the workers, the prejudice is gradually changed into friendship. Elders left to right, as follows: Back row, E. Franklin Eardley, Salt Lake City; S. Albert Smith, Snowflake, Arizona; Elmo Hendrickson, Alberta, Canada; second row, Paul Whitesides, Rexburg, Idaho; William H. Wallace, Salt Lake City; Wesley Haws, Logan; Spafford N. Daniels, Provo; J. Earl Felt, Ogden; third



row, Richard W. Robinson, Salt Lake City; Arthur W. Maxwell, Tabby; Platt E. Watson, (retiring conference president), Glendale; Walter P. Monson, (mission president); Howard McDonald, (succeed-



ing President Watson), Holliday, Utah; Norton Platt, (president North West Virginia Conference); front row, Anna Lott, (North-west Virginia Conference); Lona Ipsen, Plain City; Ella Gibbs, Brigham City; Lois Mickaelson, (North-west Virginia Conference)."

#### Converted Through the M. I. A.

Hugh M. Larson, president, Melbourne, Australia, December 1: "The M. I. A. at Richmond and South Melbourne, Australia, is doing a good work under the supervision of local elders and sisters. Many investigators and friends visit our Mutual which is a means of helping the work of the Lord along. Lately five members have been added to the fold by baptism, all of whom, for some time before their baptism, were active members of the M. I. A. The ERA is a stimulant for spiritual development and we are glad to keep in touch with the work of Zion, through its pages."

#### Students Render Good Support in Chicago

President F. B. Bowers, Chicago, Dec. 18, 1915: "The Chicago conference is forging to the front each year, and this year is no exception to the rule. Three branches of the conference are as complete in organization as many of the wards in the stakes of Zion. A couple of years ago two buildings were erected in this city that are a credit to the Church. The one, at Logan Square, cost approximately \$40,000; and the church at Roseland \$6,000. At present a rented hall is used for holding meetings in the University branch. A little over a year ago the University branch had only a few members, but now

they have an average attendance of about sixty at their Sunday services. Some of the students that are attending institutions of learning render good support to the various branches by attending the meetings regularly. A splendid force of elders and lady missionaries are working hard to get their literature and Church works into the homes of the people. All have the real missionary spirit, and as an evidence, many friends and homes are always open to them for calls and evening visits. Old time prejudice is gradually melting away, and the minds of the people are being prepared to receive the gospel in greater number than ever before."

### **New Church in Alamosa, Colorado**

About three years ago, Alamosa, Colorado, was transferred from the San Luis stake to the Western States mission, and it soon became apparent that a meeting place was desired and necessary for the Saints there who number about one hundred. The ground was contributed by the members in that place, and the Trustee in Trust appropriated the balance necessary to complete the building. The total cost in-



cluding ground, was, \$2,250.00. The building was dedicated November 21, 1915, with Elder Orson F. Whitney, of the Council of Twelve and Elder Rulon S. Wells of the First Council of Seventy, in attendance. The dedicatory prayer was offered by Elder Whitney. The Church occupies a corner in a good section of the city.—JOHN L. HERRICK, President of the Mission.

### **A Fruitful Field**

Grover T. Bennett, Bristol, England, November 25: "This photograph of the elders of the Bristol conference was taken just prior to the departure of three of our number. Their going leaves only seven to carry on the work in this conference, which includes what was formerly comprised in the old Welch and Bristol conferences, a field that has been exceedingly fruitful in times past. Many searchers after the truth are still found here, and we are making friends with

the people, many of whom, however, are indifferent to the religious spirit which is very pronounced in this part of the country, since the



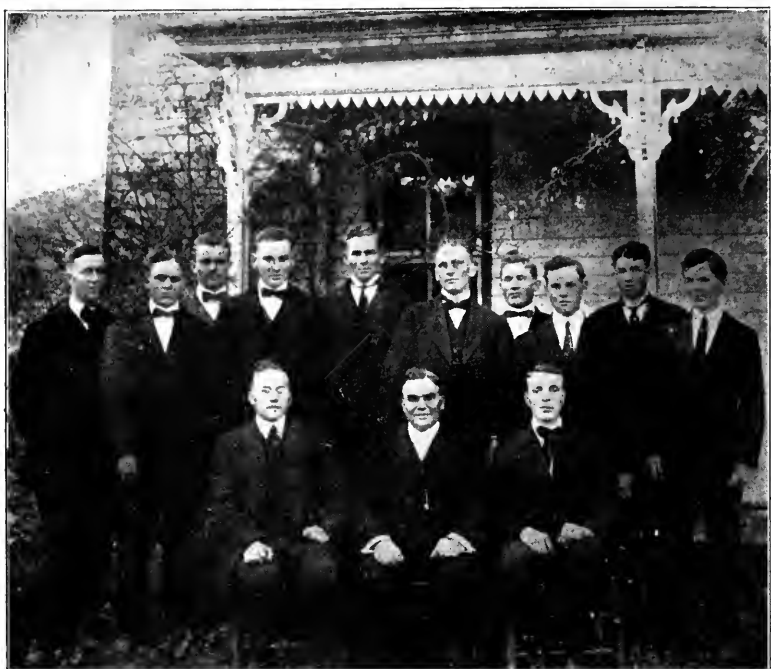
beginning of the present great war. Elders, left to right: Earl B. Broadhead, Nephi; George R. Dent, Salt Lake City; Chauncey H. Crittenden, Hoytsville; Vernon W. Dean, Salt Lake; Louis D. Boudrero, Logan; sitting: John G. Hancock, Ogden, Utah; Elmer B. Edwards, Panaca, Nevada; Ernest M. Greenwood, conference president, Elsinore, Utah; Grover T. Bennett, Shelley, Idaho; George A. Palmer, Plain City, Utah."

### Converting Themselves

President J. L. Meyers, of Southern Indiana: "During the past year a number of new branches have been established in this conference. Many local brethren have been promoted in the Priesthood and set to work in their respective capacities. The wonderful improvement in the Sunday schools and Relief societies have had a tendency to increase the interest and integrity of the Saints in doing all they can to bring their friends out to church. During the summer months, the missionaries penetrated the rural districts with much profit. Schoolhouses and churches were opened to them for services. In Brown Co., about fifteen miles from a railroad, they succeeded in organizing a Sunday school of non-members. The members subscribed the money, and supplied them with song books, minute and roll books and 'Juveniles.' They have an average attendance of about 50, and expect them to convert themselves, although some elders are always present."

### Twenty-five Baptisms More Than Last Year

Boyd E. Lindsay, president of the East Kentucky conference of the Southern States mission: "The year 1915 has been a banner year for us. The assiduous labor of twelve energetic young elders has worked gratifying results. We have twenty-five baptisms in excess of the number last year. Elders left to right standing: A. C. Adams, Alberta, Canada; W. R. Stratton, Snowflake, Arizona; L. A. Martineau, Cedar City, Utah; R. H. Rawson, Carey, Idaho; H. M. Blackhurst,



American Fork, Utah; J. E. Wardleigh, Ogden; A. E. Shumway, Blanding, Utah; H. P. Hansen, Lake Side, Arizona; G. H. Bowler, Gunlock, Utah; E. S. Lamb, Blue Water, New Mexico. Sitting, left to right: Boyd C. Lindsay, Ogden, Conference President; Chas. A. Callis, Mission President; R. B. Humphrey, Salina, Utah."

### Large Attendance of Strangers

President W. E. Clark, of West Iowa: "A few years ago the missionaries in West Iowa Conference were threatened with mob violence. Today they are received and entertained by many of the people with whom they are acquainted. Only a few years ago they were looked upon with grave suspicion because the people failed to understand the principles as taught by the Latter-day Saints, and which, if obeyed, would give them peace in this world and salvation in the world to come. In no instance have the missionaries, doing country work this year, had to sleep out or go without a meal. Many well attended meetings have been held in the smaller towns, and it is no uncommon thing to have 25 per cent of the population in attendance and as high as 90 per cent has been reached. The city work has been confined to Council Bluffs, Sioux City, Des Moines, Boone and Webster. Sunday schools have been organized in the first three cities mentioned."

### Anxious to Learn of "Mormonism"

President C. A. Jones, Michigan: "A very remarkable development is evident among the Saints who are strictly living the gospel. This is noticeable in the organized branches where priesthood and responsibility have been placed. The Relief societies have done much in the way of genealogical and charitable work. 'Mormon' literature and books are being read as never before. It seems that people everywhere are anxious to learn about the truth of 'Mormonism.'"

### "Mormon" Patriotism in Pudsey

Elder Verner O. Hewlett, Leeds, England, November 27th: "The picture represents, Joseph F. Worthen, left; Verner O. Hewlett, Salt Lake City, center; W. H. Hilliard, Smithfield, Utah, right. Many friends are sincerely investigating the gospel. We have had the privilege of explaining 'Mormonism' to many people of Leeds and surrounding towns, by tracting and open-air meetings, which have been



attended by large and attentive audiences. At times, however, because of a few anti-'Mormon' leaders, the people have been aroused to ridicule, hoot, shower rocks at us, which of course, we relish best when it is over with. Many of the men in the branches have been engulfed in the whirlpool of war, especially in the Pudsey branch. Following is the opinion of the *Pudsey News* regarding 'Mormon' patriotism:

"'Patriotic Latter-day Saints at Pudsey.—The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Pudsey branch has, (writes a correspondent), a record of patriotism which will be hard to beat, as every man of military age, with the exception of those engaged in government and munition work has enlisted. Whatever we may say about the so-called 'Mormons,' we must admit that they are certainly, 'very patriotic at Pudsey.'

"We are sorry to see the good men, most of them holding the Priesthood, leave us and we regret greatly to lose their great help in the branch work. When we see the turmoil and strife about us, we can realize the great need for true Christianity."

### A Sun-stone

Mary Smith Ellsworth, Chicago, forwarded to the ERA this interesting picture of one of the twenty-four sun-stones that once capped the pilasters of the Nauvoo temple, Illinois. This stone is now set in the Historical Square, Quincy, Illinois. Reading from left to right the Elders are: Herbert Halls, Mancos, Colo.; Albert J. Jex, Spanish Fork, Utah.



### Converted by reading the Book of Mormon

Grant M Romney, Waterloo, Iowa, December 15th: "Since our conference in November the elders in East Iowa have added many friends to their lists and they have several baptisms in prospect. In Waterloo a man and his wife read the Book of Mormon, and it converted them to the gospel as taught by the Latter-day Saints, after three weeks of thorough study. In Rock Island one whole family requested baptism, and the ice in the Mississippi did not hinder them



from doing God's will. Davenport, Cedar Rapids, Clinton and Lyons report splendid progress. We pray that all conferences may flourish as the East Iowa conference is doing. Elders East Iowa conference, left to right, back row: D. D. Bushnell, Arnold Workman, Frank W. Wayman, Elmo J. Call, Chas. L. Cottrell. Middle row: Levi J. Anderson, E. J. Curtis, Conference President, Grant M. Romney; Mission President, G. E. Ellsworth; retiring conference President, J. H. Larsen, Joseph Pyrah, M. G. Hansen. Front row: Chas. Nielson, L. Ray Smith, Geo A. Waite, Clem Eyre."

The N. E. A. religious-educational essay contest, in connection with the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, was won by Charles E. Rugh, University of Berkley, California. Four others received honorary mention; and five essays, with a synopsis of the points brought out by the 1,381 various writers, from every state in the Union, except one, will soon be printed, so we are informed by Secretary D. W. Springer of the Association.

For the year 1916, the Association is ready to offer a prize for an essay on "Thrift." Two contests will be conducted, one for children and one for adults. The former will be carried on in the schools of the country. Each county superintendent will be asked to endeavor to secure a contest in each school within the county, outside of cities of 4,000 population, and in the cities a similar contest under the city superintendent. The contest for adults will be managed from the Superintendent's office of the N. E. A. from whom further instructions may be obtained. His address is Ann Arbor, Michigan.

# Priesthood Quorums' Table

## Suggestive Outlines for the Deacons

BY P. JOSEPH JENSEN

### LESSON 4

EXPERIENCES OF EARLY CHURCH LEADERS AND MEMBERS

Problem: How may our patriarchal blessings help to make us hopeful?

What is a patriarchal blessing? Who are patriarchs in your stake? Who is the present general patriarch of the Church? Relate an incident in which you have learned of the fulfilment of a patriarchal blessing.

Study the lesson.

What authority did our heavenly Father give Hyrum Smith? Give two or three illustrations of sealing of blessings. What were the promises the Patriarch Joseph Smith, Sr., gave his son Hyrum? Show the promises in the first blessing have so far been fulfilled. Learn from last year's lesson book, "The Latter-day Prophet," when Joseph Smith, Sr., died, and show that a promise in the last blessing was fulfilled.

What are the promises your patriarchal blessings make you? What does our heavenly Father expect of us so that we may realize those promises? How may these promises make us hopeful? Answer the problem of the lesson. (Note: If you have not received your patriarchal blessings, ask your parents to let you get them.)

### LESSON 5

Problem: How may we obtain a testimony that Joseph Smith, Jr., was a prophet of the Lord?

The word prophet, in the Greek language, meant "one who speaks for a god." We understand it to mean one who speaks for God. Then, to have a testimony that Joseph Smith was a Prophet is one of our great privileges. Let us see how President Young obtained a testimony.

Study the lesson.

How long had President Young been a member of the Church? What did he do that shows he believed Joseph to be a prophet? What convinced President Young that Joseph Smith was a prophet of God?

Relate some prophecies that Joseph Smith made that were fulfilled. Relate some experiences you have had which have strengthened your testimony. What did you receive through the elders of your ward, after your baptism? How may the Holy Ghost help you in your testimony?

Answer the problem of the lesson.

### LESSON 6

Problem: How may we strengthen ourselves to defend the servants of the Lord and his cause?

Have you ever been made fun of because you are a "Mormon?" Have you ever been made fun of because you did what was right?

Study the lesson.

What was the cause of the trouble, at this time, in Kirtland? What did some try to do with the Prophet? What did Brigham Young do? On whom did he rely for courage to defend the Prophet? How did President Young help him?

Answer the problem of the lesson.

# Mutual Work

## Social Work

### Music for Dances

The following lists of waltzes and two-steps have been recommended by Prof. Sweeten, of the Odeon Dancing Academy. They may be obtained for orchestra use through local music dealers or by sending direct to the publisher. He also recommends two orchestra albums: "Sousa March Folio" (Carl Fisher edition), and "Hall March Folio" easy to play (Carl Fisher edition). These may be had of Carl Fisher, Cooper Square, New York; small orchestra and piano, incl. cello, net \$3.25; full orchestra and piano, net \$4.50; extra piano 50 cents, any other parts 30c each.

#### WALTZES

Name	Author	Publisher
Les Sirenes Waltz	Waldtenfel	Fisher
Die Hydropaten	Gungl	Fisher
Souvenir De Baden-Baden	Bousquet	Fisher
Krolls Ball Klarng	Lumbye	Fisher
Auf Flugeln Der Nacht	Faust	Fisher
Blue Danube Waltz	Strauss	Fisher
In Florida	J. Gernest	Berge Co., N. Y.
Satanella	Roberts	Fisher
Wiener Bluet	Strauss	Fisher
Mon Reve Waltz	Waldtenfel	Fisher
Ange D'Amour	Waldtenfel	Fisher
"A Toi Waltz to Thee"	Waldtenfel	Fisher
Barcarolle Waltz	Roberts	Fisher
Santiago	Corbin	Fisher
La Berceuse	Waldtenfel	Fisher
Dream on the Ocean	Gungl	Fisher

#### TWO-STEPS

The Dazzler	Heed	Fisher
New Creation	Braham	Fisher
Conclave	Loserf	Fisher
Dreadnaught	Loserf	Fisher
Frolicsome Frolics	Meredith	Fisher
Black Rock	Losey	Fisher
Society Swing	Frantzen	Haviland, N. Y.
Miss Liberty	Daly	Dalcy Co., N. Y.
The King's Escort	Losey	Fisher Co.
Spic and Span	Losey	Fisher Co.
National Spirit	Hager	Fisher Co.
The Fascinator	Scheid	Fisher Co.
The High Flyer	Heid	Fisher Co.
The Observer	Barnard	Fisher Co.
The Ultimatum	Allen	Jacobs

Fisher's address is Cooper Square, New York.



## Stake Work

### Questions for February

Stake superintendents are requested to report promptly to the General Secretary, answers to the following questions by March 1st. Let us have a report from every stake, this time, brethren:

1. What method did you adopt, aside from stake pennant contest, to get this season's reading course books read?
2. Name the subjects of the special lectures and the debates held this season in your stake.
3. What plans are being considered in your stake for summer work?
4. Name some Y. M. M. I. A. problem or problems that you wish to have considered at the June general conference.
5. If you meet on Tuesday, what is your program for Feb. 29th?
6. What date have you set for your closing meeting? We suggest April 4th. (See Hand Book, "The Closing Meeting," page 17.)
7. There is no provision for a program for Feb. 29. We suggest that in wards where the fund collection has not been completed, that arrangements for completing the collection by entertainment be made that evening.

### Two Answers

In answer to the questions sent out by the Stake Work Committee for December, and which appeared in the ERA for December, page 183, we have received many replies which have been a great help to the committee. We ask the officers of the associations throughout the Church to read the questions in the ERA, and then to read the following replies,—one from a stake which evidently needs considerable work to place it upon a successful basis; and two others from stakes which are in good condition. We request the officers of each stake to ask themselves to which class they belong, the first or the second:

#### FIRST CLASS

1. Our best method in promoting individual efficiency in class work is by general discussion on class work and teaching in monthly meetings together with co-operative search for methods.
2. Last meeting was devoted almost entirely to vocational work with the ward counselors as our class leader committeeman was away.
3. We are endeavoring to follow the Hand Book instructions on sub-junior work.
4. All Board members are instructed to ascertain the exact number of manuals in circulation and we are informed that the associations have a good supply of them.
5. We have sent out definite instructions concerning the pennant work and have mailed score blanks to all associations. The date of M. I. A. Day has not been definitely decided but will be.
6. We are getting near the finishing point on the ERA and Fund. We are going to make a big effort to see that you are not disappointed on these matters.

1. Our best results in obtaining individual efficiency in class work is secured by the teachers taking a particular interest in the welfare of the boys in the Junior class. That is, our best leaders become part

of the lives of their students. In the Senior class the only way to secure individual preparation is to have the leader call upon the members who have assigned parts, sometime between the two meetings and talk over the lesson.

2. At our monthly officers' meeting held last month we did not divide the Junior and Senior class leaders but we met conjointly.

3. We are not having a sub-junior in our stake.

4. We have kept a perfect check on the distribution of manuals in the wards, and are very successful in having the members bring them to class for each meeting.

5. We have a Stake M. I. A. Pennant, and the Contest Work is going along nicely. The Reading Course is in every ward with the possible exception of one.

6. Our stake officers meet once each week conjointly with the Young Ladies and take up matters of mutual interest, and then separate for our special work and then re-convene and dismiss. Each Sunday night our entire Board is visiting some ward.

#### SECOND CLASS

1. We have not been able to evolve any method at all.

2. We have not been able to get a representation of more than one ward at any monthly meeting, hence was not able to do anything more than general instructions.

3. Have no sub-junior classes; no sub-junior members.

4. We have made no check of the distribution of the manuals. We can get no response to our letters from any of the wards in our stake.

5. Have done only some preliminary work.

6. Have not completed the ERA but are still working at it.

## Athletics and Scout Work

### The Danger Point

"A costly building in the course of erection is never left unsupervised.

"Any attempt to substitute poor and weak materials for those which the specification call for is detected and frustrated.

"No intelligent farmer leaves the development of his orchard or his potato patch to chance. He guards them from the ravages of worms and bugs, keeps the trees pruned and the weeds out of the vegetables.

"Only in the building of character do men take desperate chances.

"It is more difficult to keep an eye on a boy than on a building or a tree. Things happen faster with him. If he's a real boy something is happening in his vicinity every minute and his vicinity moves as suddenly as that of a flea. Nevertheless he needs to be watched—not because he's bad but because he's absorbing impressions which mean either growth or decay.

"We will assume that he is safe while he is in bed. Now quit your grinning. We all know that you used to poke your nickel novel under your pillow when mother came up to see why the light was burning, and that the struggles of later years have made you wish a thousand times that somebody had yanked you out from under the comfortables

and held you under a cold shower bath every morning when you were due to rise and shine. We will assume that the boy is safe while he is in bed, because he is at home where his parents can get at him.

"He is safe while he is at school. In the olden days we used to be roasting eggs down at the "bear's den" sometimes when we were supposed to be in school, but modern methods of checking up attendance, and the price of eggs, have sort of discouraged these short vacations. (Not that we paid for the eggs, but the hen farmer can now afford to keep somebody on the job.)

"He's safe while he is in church—that awful headache started by the first tap of the bell on Sunday morning is sure to keep him quiet. \* \* \* \* \*

"There is an awful leak somewhere through which a lot of perfectly good hours drop out and hit the dirt.

"Somebody's got to plug that hole so full of interesting work and play that every hour will be kept clean and contribute to the youngster's nourishment. He's bound to use them all.

"His parents ought to look after him?" Certainly, but do they? How about that commercial traveler, away on three-months' trips? How about the barber, in the shop till eight or nine at night? How about almost every man? Could they, if they wanted to?

"The fact is that only about one man in a thousand can make one kid behave. Give him a dozen and he goes crazy. The ability to handle a bunch of young savages is a clear and distinct call to service. In the name of the Stars and Stripes we beg of you not to stick cotton in your ears.

" \* \* \* \* \* Yes, your family needs you—it sure does—but did you ever look at it in this way? Your sons and daughters must play with somebody. They didn't think of 'Ishcabibble' all alone, nor those other words that you washed out of their mouths with soap. In short, the whole gang is going one way or the other and somebody's doing the steering. Better grab the wheel yourself before the fellow in the chauffeur's seat gets so big that you can't throw him out.

"It all comes down to this—you simply can't afford to drop that troop of scouts. It's too much work for one man and you need to get some others into the game.

"Get your scouts re-registered, show them how to earn a uniform and do some things which will make them proud of themselves, keep them busy."

The above inspirational editorial appeared in a recent number of *Scouting*. I pass it on, believing that a man can do no greater service for his brother and his Church than to lead a "crowd" of boys to an appreciation of better things. The men of tomorrow are the boys of today.

"Here's to the Apache of the street!  
Lawbreakers of today, lawmakers of tomorrow;  
Builders of cities; kings and princes of America—  
My boy, your boy, everybody's boy,  
God bless them all!"

OSCAR A. KIRKHAM.

### "A Good Turn"

The M. I. A. scout master at Fountain Green, Utah, submits the following incident which occurred with a member of the troop of No. 1 M. I. A. Boy Scouts. We take pleasure in publishing the incident as it may possibly encourage others who are working in the same line to

do "good turns." He heads the incident "Conquering the Flames:"

"On Sunday, December 26, 1915, a group of young friends called on Harry Holman, age 14, of troop No. 1, and invited him to accompany them on a skating party. Harry, however, disregarded their invitation, and remained at home and spent the afternoon with his mother. Later in the afternoon, as his mother glanced through the window she was astounded at the threatening flames which were rapidly licking their way from the top of a burning buggy to the shed in which was stored some \$1,200 worth of property. Harry rushed from the house, seized the shafts of the buggy, and hurriedly rolled it from the shed, and was later able to control the flames by means of a water hose."

It seems to us there were two "good turns." It would be interesting to discuss which was the greater, and which will have the richer effect on the character of the boy.

### "Good Turns"

Scoutmaster D. D. Tebbs of Mt. Pleasant, Utah, gives the following account of a "good turn:" "Several boys did 'good turns' by chopping wood for the widows, and helping them out with work in a number of ways. One boy took it upon himself to milk one old lady's cow every morning."



A DAY'S CATCH

Fall River Meadows, on the Snake River, Idaho, Willard Johnson

## Passing Events

---

The national presidential conventions will be held—the Republican, at Chicago, June 7; the Democratic, at St. Louis, June 14, 1916.

A new president of the republic of Switzerland was recently elected by the Swiss national assembly. His name is Camille Decoppet. The vice president named was Edmond Schulthess.

Utah stands fourth in sugar production in the United States. Those ahead in their order of precedence are California, Colorado and Michigan. A new factory has been decided on for Box Elder.

Utah spends 88.1% of her state taxes for educational purposes; and 64% of all the state revenues—regular taxes, licenses, inheritance taxes, and other miscellaneous income. These facts are given out by the state auditor.

The Jex family held a reunion in Spanish Fork on January 1, 1916, in honor of the nineteenth anniversary of the birthday of Grandma Jex. The reunion was attended by nearly four hundred relatives and friends of the family.

C. W. Shores, a resident of Denver, was appointed chief of police by Mayor Ferry Jan. 17, and confirmed by the commission. He succeeds B. F. Grant, who for several years past has given Salt Lake City the cleanest police protection that it has had for many years.

William Waldorf Astor, a former well-known American of great wealth was made a baron of England, on the first of January, presumably in return for contributions to the war fund. Two others who were raised to the peerage were Lord Charles Beresford, and Sir Thomas Shaughnessy the president of the Canadian Pacific railway.

British conscription has been decided upon by parliament. The measure provides for a limited conscription. The bill was introduced January 5, making military service obligatory on unmarried men and widowers without children, between the ages of eighteen and forty-one. The provisions of the bill do not apply to Ireland. It has been announced that the Derby recruits number 2,829,263 men.

Montenegro sued Austro-Hungary for peace on the 17th of January, and her request has been granted on the condition of unconditional laying down of arms as the basis for an opening of peace negotiations. The little country had all its lines of retreat for its little armies cut off except into Albania where hostile tribesmen would have to be faced. The soldiers of the little nation fought valiantly but in vain, so it now appears.

Lieut. Mervin S. Bennion, U. S. N., was promoted early in January to a lieutenantcy in the Navy. He is a graduate of the Latter-day Saints University, class of 1908. His appointment to Annapolis was received the same year. He is a son of Israel and Janette Bennion of Vernon, Tooele County, and a nephew of Dean Milton Bennion of the

University of Utah. His brother, Lieut. Howard Bennion, U. S. A., was assigned to an engineering corps and is stationed in the Philippines.

**The total assessed valuation, in Utah,** is \$228,096,737, for 1915, an increase of about seven million dollars over the assessment of a year ago, according to a statement issued on the 2nd of November by Lincoln G. Kelly, state auditor. This includes the assessed valuation of all kinds of property in each of the twenty-eight counties of the state.

**George M. Scott,** the first Liberal party mayor of Salt Lake City, elected in March, 1890, died November 19, at San Mateo, California. Ten years ago he left Salt Lake City for Santa Barbara on account of ill health. He came to Salt Lake in 1869. He was born in New York in 1835, and went to California, in 1852, by way of Panama. Coming to Utah in 1869, he established the firm of Scott-Dunham Hardware Company.

**Elections for a new parliament in Greece** were held December 19. Few if any of the followers of former premier Venizelos took part in the voting. A large majority of members of parliament returned are supporters of Gounaris, the premier who carried into effect King Constantine's determination to keep the Greek nation neutral instead of becoming an ally of the entente powers and Serbia. On the 18th of January the entente powers practically gave an ultimatum to Greece, and the country may have to enter the war any day.

**State-wide prohibition** of the sale and manufacture of intoxicating liquor became effective in six states, December 31, at midnight. The states are: Iowa, Colorado, Oregon, Washington, Arkansas and South Carolina. The addition of these states brings the total of prohibition states in the Union up to nineteen. By these states becoming dry over three thousand saloons and a large number of breweries and wholesale liquor houses and distilleries were put out of business.

**The commerce of the United States** has grown by leaps and jumps. The Department of Commerce at Washington, D. C., recently reported the balance of trade in favor of the United States at nearly five hundred million dollars, or four dollars and thirty-five cents per capita. The merchandise entering and shipped from New York is over twenty-eight million tons. Hamburg, the next largest shipping center in the world, has twenty-six million tons, and London eighteen millions. The largest ports of Russia, France and Italy combined is twenty-seven millions or one million less than New York.

**Congress reassembled** on the 3rd of January. Among the important measures introduced, and there were hundreds of them, were the rural credits bill, and a resolution for a constitutional amendment enacting national prohibition. Mr. Fletcher was opposed by the Republicans as ambassador to Mexico, this being the first step of the Republican senators to attack the administration's Mexican policy in general. In the House, General Sherwood, of Ohio, led an attack on the administration's proposed military and naval preparations. He declared that they were unnecessary. Senator Gore introduced a bill to forbid vessels from carrying passengers and contraband of war at the same time.

**Mrs. Mary Alice Woodruff McEwan,** wife of William McEwan, died at their home, on Friday, January 14, 1916, of blood poisoning. She had been ill about four weeks. Sister McEwan was the mother of ten children, a woman of great faith and integrity, and was highly

esteemed by a host of friends. She was a daughter of the late President Wilford Woodruff and Emma Smith, and was born in Salt Lake City, thirty-eight years ago. Nearly six hundred people attended her funeral services, in the Richards ward on Sunday following. Elders George A. Smith and Heber J. Grant; President Frank Y. Taylor, Bishops John M. Whitaker and J. A. Rockwood spoke on gospel themes the hope of the resurrection, and gave eulogies of Sister McEwan's character.

vain.

**A memorial to Major John Wesley Powell**, pioneer and celebrated scientist, who first explored the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, has been erected by the Department of the Interior on the rim of the Grand Canyon, in Arizona. It is an altar, decorated in Indian imagery, supporting a bronze tablet resting upon a pyramidal base of rough-hewn stone. Fifteen steps lead from the west up to the altar floor from which the visitor may gaze into the very heart of the mile-deep canyon. The memorial is located on Sentinel Point, the promontory south of the railway station. The structure is said to be worthy alike of the rugged, forceful personality of the man, and of the titanic and unparalleled chasm which it overlooks.

**The Ford Peace party** was not received with as much warmth in the capital of Denmark as in the capital of Sweden. The Danish government declined to permit any public meetings to discuss the war, either to promote or to end it. The party went from Copenhagen to The Hague through northern Germany, by permission of the German government which provided a special train. On January 2, Mr. Ford himself returned to New York, still hopeful of the success of his plan. He announced that he was convinced, however, that it was not the militarists or munitions manufacturers of Europe who were to blame for the war, but that it was the people of Europe themselves. While that may be true, the fact remains that it is principally the militarists and munition manufacturers who have trained the people to their belief.

**John Oborn**, a hand-cart veteran, and a son of Joseph and Maria Stranding Oborn, died at Union, Utah, October 18, 1915. He was born in Somersetshire, England, November 17, 1843, and came to Utah in 1856, with Captain James G. Willey's hand-cart company, arriving here on the 9th of November, after suffering untold hardships incident to that memorable journey. His father died at Green River on the way. He early worked in the Mill Creek canyon getting timber, and was a carpenter on the Union Pacific railway when it was built through Echo canyon. He also aided much in hauling the granite for the Salt Lake Temple from Little Cottonwood canyon. He was the first postmaster south of Salt Lake City, in the county, and one of the first merchants in Union. For thirty-eight years he was clerk of the ward. He was a man of sterling integrity.

**Bishop Rufus Chester Allen**, born in New York, October 22, 1827, died in St. George, Washington county, Tuesday, December 7, 1915. He was baptized into the Church in 1837, and left Nauvoo for Utah in Daniel Spencer's company, in the winter of 1846-7. He became a member of the Mormon Battalion, and after its discharge in California, in 1847, he came to Salt Lake, arriving in the fall of that year. For many years, he was a pioneer engaged in transporting emigrants, and in building up the country north and south. In 1853 he settled in Ogden. He filled several missions, and was president of the south Indian mission from 1854 to 1857. In 1862 he moved to Utah's Dixie, and later settled at Kanarra. From 1886 to 1891 he labored in the St. George

temple, and later settled in St. George, where he resided up to his death. He was an honorable, upright man, an exemplary citizen, devoted to the Church, and died in full faith of a glorious resurrection.

The "Persia," a British passenger ship, with Americans on board, was sunk in the eastern Mediterranean by a submarine, December 30. It is thought that an Austrian U boat was responsible for the action which was accomplished without warning. Nearly all the passengers, including two Americans, numbering over three hundred with the crew, were lost. The two Americans were Charles Grant, who was saved and arrived in Alexandria, and Robert McNeeley, United States consul to Aden, who was lost. The loss of life was greater than that of the "Ancona," and was surpassed, since the beginning of the submarine campaign, only by the sinking of the "Lusitania," last spring. It would seem that Austria's apology for the "Ancona," was a torpedo for the "Persia."

Elijah Nicholas Wilson, "Uncle Nick," who, in 1910, published locally the volume entitled "Uncle Nick Among the Shoshones," died in Wilson, Wyoming, in the Jackson Hole country, about December 28. His book gives a graphic and thrilling account of his early-day experiences. It appears that he was born in 1842, in Illinois, and came to Utah in 1850. With his father and mother he settled in Tooele, where from a young Indian companion he learned to speak the Shoshone Indian language. When twelve years of age he ran away from home, being adopted by Chief Washakie. The boy lived for more than two years with the Indians, and his book gives an account of his experiences during that time, in Wyoming and Montana. At the close of two years Washakie was prevailed upon to let him return home, and Wilson afterwards became a pony express driver, stage coach driver and a guide.

The effort to establish order in Mexico, which had been proceeding satisfactorily up to that time, was halted somewhat as far as Americans go by the murder, on January 10, of eighteen Americans near Torreón, on the Mexican Northwestern railway by a band of marauders, supporters of General Villa. The tragedy resulted in a strong note from Secretary Lansing demanding that Chief Carranza protect Americans in Mexico. The company of rescuing Americans who brought the bodies of the eighteen murdered Americans to El Paso reported that ten others had been murdered in the same vicinity, and the feeling ran high in El Paso against the Mexicans. The Yaqui Indians have withdrawn from the region where they were causing great destruction and settlers in that region are said to have returned to their farms. The "Mormon" colonists were in constant danger, but decided to remain. Many Americans were fleeing from Mexico. President Wilson announced on the 15th that he saw no reason to intervene in Mexico on account of the latest offense by the Villaists.

Jesse William Lewis, a pioneer of Payson, one of the original founders of the school now known as the Brigham Young University, died at his home in Payson, January 1. He built the first brick house in Utah county, and promoted many other enterprises in the central part of Utah; was a mining man, railroad constructor, former owner of the townsite of Thistle, and identified with a score of noteworthy enterprises in the upbuilding of the State and the Church. Born October 27, 1836, at Decatur, Indiana, he and his wife, Mary A. Fuller, to whom he was married at Des Moines, Iowa, came west in 1858, remaining a time in Colorado, and then coming to Salt Lake, settling later in Provo. Mr. Lewis crossed and recrossed the plains many



times, freighting for ten years, his wife often accompanying him. He was an intimate friend of Jim Bridger, and Samuel C. Clemens (Mark Twain) crossed the plains with him. At one time he carried on his journey twenty thousand dollars in his vest, coat and cap. He was a business associate, in early days, of Brigham Young, George A. Smith, and Walker brothers.

**Necrology.** Among the prominent people who have passed away recently are:

Mrs. S. A. Merrill, widow of the late Apostle Merrill, died at Richmond, Cache county, October 16, 1915, age eighty-one years.

Caroline P. Van Cott, widow of the late John Van Cott, died in Salt Lake City, October 10, 1915. She was born January 20, 1840.

Judge A. N. Cherry, former judge of the district court of Salt Lake county, died November 7, at Ocean Park, California, age seventy-one.

Ada R. Smith, widow of Joseph Smith, president of the Re-organized Church of Latter-day Saints, died at Independence, Mo., October 20.

Patriarch Henry C. Jacobs died at Ogden October 14, 1915. He was born in Iowa, March 22, 1846, and was a faithful worker in the Church.

John Lowry, a member of the Nauvoo Legion and pioneer of 1847, died at Springville, Utah, November 7, 1915. He was born in Missouri January 11, 1829.

Patriarch De La Mare, of Tooele, ninety-four years of age, died October 16, 1915, in Tooele. He was an early pioneer and a native of the Isle of Jersey, where he was baptized in 1849, by William C. Dunbar. He came to this country in 1850 bringing with him in company with President John Taylor, the first sugar machinery ever brought to the United States.

**The Great War.**—The most interesting spot on the war map during January was the frontier between Besarabia and Bukovina. Russia was here conducting a very determined offensive. From the fragmentary reports that come from the front, it is learned that large forces were engaged, and that several very lively battles were fought at different points along the three hundred mile line between Pintz and Czernowitz. The Germans have held this line since last September, but they were being subjected to energetic attacks from the Russians at various points. Roughly the line follows the course of two rivers, the Styr running north, and the Strypa running south. The Russians have crossed both these rivers and were directing their attack on the capitol of Bukovina. The Russians are said to have one million five hundred thousand men on this line, the northern section of which is in a swamp valley of the Pripet river. The Austrian war office estimated the Russian loss in the operations up to January 7 as fifty thousand men.

On the 7th of January Germany agreed to settle the "Frye" and "Luistania" cases and to ameliorate the submarine warfare. On the 9th of January the British abandoned Gallipoli altogether, and on the same date the great battleship "King Edward VII" was sunk by a mine. During the early part of January alarming rumors were current in the newspapers and telegrams concerning the kaiser's condition. It appears that according to reports he was suffering from cancer of the larynx, a disease similar to that of which his father died. On the 15th it was announced that Great Britain will soon blockade Germany, placing a ban on all traffic with the central powers. In return Germany is to adopt a policy of reprisal.

Any one desiring volumes I to XII of the *Contributor* for any Church works that they may wish to exchange should address E. Crane Watson, Librarian Cedar City Free Public Library, Cedar City, Utah.

"We thank the publishers of the *IMPROVEMENT ERA* for sending the magazine to us. It is one of our best friends in the mission field. We anxiously await its coming each month, and enjoy its excellent topics and instructions."—Elders AVARD WASHBURN and JAMES BARON, Chattanooga, Tenn.

"We welcome each month the coming of the *IMPROVEMENT ERA*, bringing to us much food for spiritual growth and a wonderful fund of splendid reading matter. After we have read each number we pass it on to our friends who enjoy its contents quite as much as the missionaries."—M. LOWRY ALLEN, Evansville, Indiana.

A stake president's endorsement.—A much appreciated, unsolicited testimonial of the value of the contents of the *IMPROVEMENT ERA* comes from President Adolph Merz, of the North Sanpete stake, Mt. Pleasant, Utah, as follows:

"DEAR BRETHREN: Will you have the kindness to send me an extra copy of the January number of the *ERA*. I received my regular number, but consider some of the writings contained therein so extraordinary in value that I should have another number for a specific purpose.

"Wishing you every success in the New Year, I beg to remain, your brother in the Gospel, ADOLPH MERZ."

## Improvement Era, February, 1916

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